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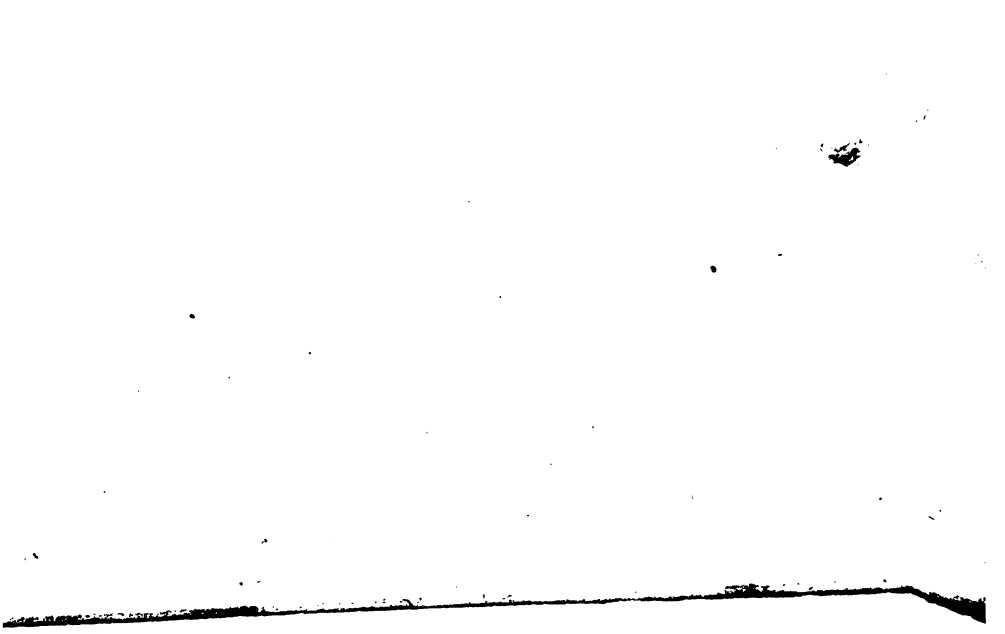

SHENSTONE.

Sleep on, poor Child, whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide .....

THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# BRITISH POETS.

WITH

## LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XXIV.

SHENSTONE, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
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1819.

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:*

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in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United Sta
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Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsyl

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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# *WILLIAM SHENSTONE.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the son of Thomas ıenstone, of the Leasowes, in Hales Owen, a por- ın of Shropshire, though perhaps thirty miles stant, was born in November, 1714. Being early ıght to read by an old lady, whom he has cele- ated in the *Schoolmistress*, he soon conceived ch a taste for study, that he expected a new book ery time that any of the family went to market; d, as he was accustomed to carry each new ac- ıisition to bed with him, whenever it happened, at the book was forgotten, his mother, it is said, ›uld wrap up a small piece of board to quiet him : the night. Increase of years did not abate his al; and he was sent first to a grammar school in ıles Owen, and afterwards to a Mr. Crumpton, of ıolihuc.

When he lost his mother, is not told; but, being :prived of his father at ten, and of his grandfather 'o years after, the care of his brother and himself :volved upon his grandmother. She managed the tate, until about 1732; when it passed, by her :ath, into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Dolman, of :ome, in Staffordshire, who appears to have been ıly *in loco parentis*. It was in the same year, ıt *our author was* removed to Pembroke Col-

lege, in Oxford; where, though he took no degree, he kept his name in the book for ten years. At the end of the first four, he assumed the gown of a civilian; but his occupation was poetry, and not law; and, in 1737, he published an anonymous *Miscellany* of verse.

Shenstone did not write from necessity; and, having the means, he soon found the disposition, to acquaint himself with the world, by flying, with the other birds of passage, to London, or Bath, or any other place of fashionable resort. But a man, once a poet, is always a poet. Erasmus says, that one habit supercedes another as one nail is driven out by another; but we have never known any thing, which could drive out a habit of writing verses. Shenstone published the *Judgment of Hercules*, in 1741; and the *Schoolmistress*, in the following year.

His career of amusement was cut short, by the death of Mr. Dolman, in 1745; and, though he strove, for some time, to elude the monotonous duties of superintending his own estate, the impracticability of any other arrangement at last compelled him to submit. We do not suppose, with Dr. Johnson, that his 'delight in rural pleasures' was now, for the first time, 'excited.' He appears to have had an innate fondness for perpetual change of life and scenery; and it was, as we suppose, to gratify this propensity, that he 'wandered about,' in the language of Johnson, from one part of the country to another. Under the necessity of managing his own estate, he could no longer travel abroad to find this delight; and we may conclude, that he intended, in some measure, to supply it at home.

But, whatever may have been his motives, no person will deny Shenstone the merit of superiority among those, who have undertaken to beautify nature, by levelling the protuberances of her surface, altering the disposition of her woods, and

shifting the current of her streams. His whole care now was to improve his grounds. To the delight of his eye the gratification of all his other senses was sacrificed; and, though his house might admit the wind and the rain, for the want of repairs, he felt no inconvenience, if he had gained a new prospect, or achieved a new turn. There is a gravity in the thought and style of Johnson, which is ill suited to the treatment of such subjects; and the reader can hardly forbear some merriment, when he solemnly institutes the following question: 'whether,' says he, 'to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make the water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason.' A speculator still more surly might ask, what has human reason to do at all, with planting walks, or placing benches? Whoever heard of a logical prospect, or a syllogism of trees?

Not satisfied with fixing a standard of moral excellence for the employment of Shenstone, Dr. Johnson extends his surly speculation to his neighbour, Mr. Lyttleton; 'whose' empire, spacious and opulent,' he says, 'looked with disdain on the *petty state* that appeared behind it. For a while, the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but, when by degrees the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by *conducting* their visitants perversely to *inconvenient points of* view, and introducing them

at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation, there will be vanity; and where there is vanity there will be folly.'

It may be truly said of Johnson himself, that, in estimating human actions, he perversely leads us to the unfavourable points of view, and conducts us into the wrong end of the walk. When he has found a bad motive, he takes it for granted, that there can be no other; or, if he finds different motives, he always chooses the worst. We can hardly suppose Shenstone to have been on terms of friendship, with a person, who thus ruined his prospects. Yet Johnson himself tells us, that he supported Mr. Lyttleton's election 'with great warmth' in 1741: he wrote verses to him in 1748; and two respectable writers, Mr. Potter and Mr. Graves, not only represent him as the friend of the family,—but expressly contradict this tale of inroads upon his 'petty estate.' The truth is, according to Mr. Graves, the family of Lyttletons, receiving much company, and having a good deal of leisure, found frequent occasion to wander in the grounds of their neighbour; and, being loth to call him from other pursuits, at every visit, they undertook to be their own conductors, and probably entered the walks at the wrong end, more from ignorance than malice.

But Dr. Johnson has made another observation concerning Shenstone, in the disproof of which the fond admirers of the latter have not been so successful. Being careless of every thing but his grounds, 'his expenses, in time', says Johnson, 'brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies.' Mr. Graves is anxious to refute an imputation so injurious to the memory of his friend; and he tells us,

therefore, that 'Mr. Shenstone was too much respected' to be treated with rudeness, and 'had too much spirit' not to keep 'a few hundreds in anticipation.' But a sheriff's officer is not apt to treat any man with much respect; and men of more spirit than Shenstone have brought themselves into contact with a sheriff's officer. No mode of refutation is so cheap as that of pronouncing a man too good, or too wise, to incur evil, or commit a fault. It begs every thing in dispute; for the very question is, whether he was too good, or too wise.

Shenstone died of a putrid fever, on the 11th of February, 1763; and was buried in the churchyard of Hales Owen.

He is said to have been a man above the middle stature; somewhat clumsy in his appearance; careless in his dress, as of every thing else but his grounds and his hair; which latter he adjusted in a particular manner, in defiance of fashion;—kind to his domestics, and generous to strangers; slow to take offence, and slow to forgive it. He was never married; and, though his Elegy on Jesse was supposed by the world to celebrate a guilty adventure of his own, it is said, by his friends, to have been a version of Miss Godfrey's tale in the *Pamela* of Richardson. Gray tells us, that he lived in retirement against his will; was always wishing for money, and fame, and other distinctions; never enjoyed his estate, except when people came to see and commend it; and held a correspondence with two or three neighbouring clergymen, in which he talks of nothing but his place and his poetry.

He seems, indeed, to have cultivated both with equal fondness and assiduity; and the products of his labour, in the two departments, were analagous to to each other. His grounds were encumbered with nothing solid; and he never tasked his mind for the *graver species of* poetry. He has written, *indeed, what he calls Moral* Pieces; but they are not

all distinguished by the sobriety, which such a
imports; and the greater part of his poems
sists of Levities, Ballads, Odes, and Elegies. I
these styles, however, he has shown himself a
fect master of composition. His thoughts are
as could only occur to a refined understanding
language is always apt, and always ready; an
verse glides with the smooth uniformity
stream, that meets with no obstructions, and n
no sudden turns. We suspect, there is not a
in the language, who has written so few lines,
offend the ear by an ill choice of words, or l
it unsatisfied, from a defect of arrangement.
legendo', says Tully, 'oculus prospiciet, quic
quatur; ne extremorum verborum cum insequ
bus primis concursus, aut hiulcas vocis effici,
asperas.'*

* Orator. §. 44.

A

# ESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

A

## *DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.**

BY ROBERT DODSLEY.

THE Leasowes is situate in the parish of Hales Owen, a small market town in the county of Salop, but surrounded by other counties, and thirty miles from Shrewsbury, as it is near ten to the borders of Shropshire. Though a paternal estate, it was never distinguished for any peculiar beauties till the time of its late owner. It was reserved for a person of his ingenuity both to discover and improve them, which he has done so effectually, that it is now considered as amongst the principal of those delightful scenes which persons of taste, in the present age, are desirous to see. Far from violating its natural beauties, Mr. Shenstone's only study was to give them their full effect; and although the form in which things now appear, be indeed the consequence of much thought and labour, yet the hand of Art is no way visible either in the shape of ground, the disposition of trees, or (which are here so numerous and striking) the romantic fall of his cascades.

But I will now proceed to a more particular description. About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you

* This Description was intended to give a friend some idea of the Leasowes—which having been so justly admired by persons of the best taste, and celebrated by the Muse of such an original genius as Mr. Shenstone, it is hoped the public will not be displeased with this *slight attempt to* perpetuate those beauties, which time or the *different taste of some future* possessor may destroy.

quit the great road, and turn into a green lane on the left hand, where descending in a winding manner to the bottom of a deep valley finely shaded, the first object that occurs is a kind of ruinated wall, and a small gate within an arch, inscribed, 'The Priory Gate.' Here, it seems, the company should properly begin their walk, but generally choose to go up with their horses or equipage to the house, from whence returning, they descend back into the valley. Passing through a small gate at the bottom of the fine swelling lawn that surrounds the house, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered, and form so striking a contrast to the lively scene you have just left, that you seem all on a sudden landed in a subterraneous kind of region. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines:

'Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural Fays and Fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

'Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

'Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene,

Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it 'vails you in their place
To graft the love of human race.
'And tread with awe these favor'd bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound,
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!'

These sentiments correspond as well as possible ith the ideas we form of the abode of Fairies, nd, appearing deep in this romantic valley, serve keep alive such enthusiastic images while this rt of scene continues.

You now pass through 'The Priory Gate' before entioned, and are admitted into a part of the val- y somewhat different from the former; tall trees, igh irregular ground, and rugged scars. The ght presents you with perhaps the most natural, not the most striking, of the many cascades here und; the left with a sloping grove of oaks; and ie centre with a pretty circular landscape appear- ig through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, id other objects at a distance, form an interesting art. The seat beneath the ruinated wall has these nes of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the gene- l tenor of Mr. Shenstone's late situation:

——'Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus.'*

You now proceed a few paces down the valley

* IMITATION.

——We dwell in shady groves,
And seek the groves with cooling streams refresh'd,
And *trace the verdant* banks.

to another bench, where you have this cascade
front, which, together with the internal arch a
other appendages, make a pretty irregular pictur
I must observe, once for all, that a number
these *pro tempore* benches (two stumps with
transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints
spectators, lest in passing cursorily through t
farm they might suffer any of that immense varie
the place furnishes to escape their notice. Th
stream attending us, with its agreeable murmur
as we descend along this pleasing valley, we com
next to a small seat, where we have a slopin
grove upon the right, and on the left a strikin
vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is her
seen in a new light. We now descend furthe
down this shady and sequestered valley, accom
panied on the right by the same brawling rivul
running over pebbles, till it empties itself into
fine piece of water at the bottom. The path her
winding to the left conforms to the water befor
mentioned, running round the foot of a small hil
and accompanying this semicircular lake into ano
ther winding valley, somewhat more open, and no
less pleasing than the former: however, before w
enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat abou
the centre of this water scene, where the ends o
it are lost in the two vallies on each side, and i
front it is invisibly connected with another piec
of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr
Shenstone, but not his property. This last was
performance of the monks, and part of a prodi-
gious chain of fish ponds that belonged to Hale
Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very
*beautiful*, and exhibits a picture of villages and va
*ried ground* finely held up to the eye.

I speak of all this as already finished; but through some misfortune in the mound that pounds up the water, it is not completed.

We now leave 'The Priory' upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley: and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water; for although it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which two of the ends are hid, and in the third it seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better; but it may be right to mention, that this water, in its full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to a great advantage. We now, by a pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket.

We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, on the back of which is this inscription:

'Hue ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi salvus et hœdi;
Et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra*.'

The picture before it, is that of a beautiful home-

* IMITATION.

Hither, O Melibœus! bend thy way;
Thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose;
If happy leisure serve a while to stay,
*Here rest thy limbs* beneath these shady bows.

scene; a small lawn of well-varied ground, en
passed with hills and well-grown oaks, and en
lished with a cast of the piping Faunus, amid
and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on
right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thu
scribed:

'Ingenio et amicitiæ
Gulielmi Somervile.'

And on the opposite side

G. S. posuit,
Debita spargens lacrima favillam
Vatis amici*.'

The scene is inclosed on all sides by trees: i
middle only there is an opening, where the la
continued and winds out of sight.

Here, entering a gate, you are led throu
thicket of many sorts of willows, into a large
house, inscribed to the Right Honourable the
of Stamford. It seems that worthy peer was
sent at the first opening of the cascade, whi
the principal object from the root-house, wher
eye is presented with a fairy vision, consistin
an irregular and romantic fall of water, very
usual, one hundred and fifty yards in contin
and a very striking scene it affords. Other
cades may possibly have the advantage of a gr

* TRANSLATION.
To the genius and friendship
of
WILLIAM SOMERVILE.
By W. S.
Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard
With tributary tears.

ent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and antic appearance of water, and at the same strictly natural, is what I never saw in any e whatever. This scene, though comparatively l, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we et the quantity of water which flows through close and overshaded valley; and are so much ported with the intricacy of scene, and the ealed height from whence it flows, that we, out reflection, add the idea of magnificence to of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflec- that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but er a water-fall in miniature; and that the same ice upon a larger scale, were there large trees ad of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, ld be capable of forming a scene that would ed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not ll longer upon this inimitable scene; those who ld admire it properly must view it, as surely as e that view it must admire it beyond almost hing they ever saw.

oceeding on the right hand path, the next seat ds a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call orest-ground, consisting of wild green slopes ing through dingle, or irregular groups of , a confused mixture of savage and cultivated nd, held up to the eye, and forming a landscape r the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

inding on beside this lawn, which is over- ed with spreading trees, the eye catches, at vals, over an intermediate hill, the spire of s church, forming here a perfect obelisk—the to Mr. Somervile, &c; and now passing

through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a na bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed ir manner following:

'TO Mr. DODSLEY.

Come, then, my friend! thy silvan taste display;
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:
Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.'

On the bank above it, amid the fore-menti shrubs, is a statue of the piping Faun, whicl only embellishes this scene, but is also seen the court before the house, and from other pl it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very pily situated. From this bower also you down upon the fore-mentioned irregular gr shut up with trees on all sides, except some openings to the more pleasing parts of this tesque and hilly country. The next little b affords the first, but not most striking view of ' Priory.' It is indeed a small building, but se it is beneath trees, and its extremity also hi the same, it has in some sort the dignity and so appearanee of a larger edifice.

Passing through a gate, we enter a small grove, where the first seat we find, affords a turesque view, through trees, of a clump of at a distance, overshadowing a little cottage a green hill: we thence immediately enter a fect dome or circular temple of magnifi beeches, in the centre of which it was intend place an antique altar, or a statue of Pan. path serpentizing through this open grove, l us by an easy ascent to a small bench with motto,

——'Me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernant populo.*' *Hor.*

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; and to the right hand a beautiful round slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on its centre; to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us.

But we first come to another view of 'The Priory,' more advantageous, and at a better distance; to which the eye is led down a green slope, through a scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner; the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thicket on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears.

We now ascend to a small bench, where the circumjacent country begins to open: in particular, a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid. Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to

* EXPLANATION.

——May the cool grove,
And gay assembled nymphs with silvans mix'
Conceal *me from the* world!

fix here, to supply what he thought some wa life in this part of the farm, and to keep up spectator's attention till he came to scale the beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

'Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain;
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd! lend an ear.

'Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

'If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

'Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy;
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

'Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet ere thou the reigns resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey:—

'Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn;
Fair and flowery is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

'Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride;
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

'Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency controll'd,
Well conceiv'd, and freely told:

'Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
Wit, that falls ere well aware;
Generous pity, prone to sigh,
If her kid or lambkin die.

'Let not lucre, let not pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside;
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentler passions triumph here.

'See! to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

'Seek no more—the rest is vain:
Pleasure ending soon in pain;
Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
Close thy wish, and seek no more.'

And now, passing through a wicket, the path winds up the back part of a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Overarched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet, thus inscribed—

'To all friends round the Wrekin!

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropshire is divided: add to this that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles.

This scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to

make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown over at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have a simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat. Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking—nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur.

Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right; hence we ascend in a kind of Gothic alcove, looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which

igether overarch the scene. On the back of this ilding is found the following

INSCRIPTION.

'O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare,
Do not too rashlye deeme unjysse
Of him, that bydes contented here.

'Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale
Which o'er each careleese lymbe he flyngs;
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

'Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye eark, he stray,
Or all beside some flowerye lawne
He waste his inoffensive daye.

'So may he pardoane fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see;
For faults there beene in busy life
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.'

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely unded, crossed by the serpentine water before entioned, and interspersed with single or clumps oaks at agreeable distances. Further on the ene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling to-rds the opposite concavities, by the side of a g winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. nong other scenes that form this landscape, a e hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a ld heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very nsiderable object. Near adjoining to this is a at, from whence the water is seen to advantage many different stages of its progress; or where s a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor

has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led irregular dance into the valley.

Proceeding hence through a wicket, we upon another lawn, beyond which is a new of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice g and smooth round hills between, being nc different, but even of an opposite character, ground from which we passed. Walking alc head of this lawn, we come to a seat u spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

'Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.'*——

In the centre of the hanging lawn before discovered the house, half hid with trees and h a little hanging wood, and a piece of windi ter, issues through a noble clump of large oa spreading beeches. At the distance of abo or twelve miles, Lord Stamford's grounds a and beyond these the Clee hills in Shropshire scene here consists of admirably-varied grour is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing stil the top of the lawn, we cross another gat behind the fence begin to descend into the About half way down is a small bench, which t

* IMITATION.

This was my wish—an humble spot of ground,
A garden well-dispos'd, and fenc'd around,
A bubbling fountain, to my dwelling nigh,
With crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry,
The whole defended by a modest wood—
This was my wish—my wish the gods allow'd;
And ev'n beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

e upon a near scene of hanging woods and
r wild declivities, intermixed with smooth
slopes and scenes of cultivation.
now return again into the great lawn at bot-
nd soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer
f the water before mentioned, between the
of high overshadowing oaks and beeches;
l which the winding line of trees is continued
he valley to the right. To the left, at a dis-
the top of Clent hill appears, and the house
ı swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the
, the eye is carried by a sideling view down
h of lawn, till it rests upon the town and
f Hales, with some picturesque and beauti-
und rising behind it.
ewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a
:lump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed
Spence, in these words:

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
eximio nostro Critoni;
cui dicari vellet
Musarum omnium et Gratiarum chorus
dicat amicitia.
1758.*

now, through a small gate, enter what is call-
ıe Lover's Walk', and proceed immediately
at where the water is seen very advantage-

* EXPLANATION.
Dedicated by Friendship
to JOSEPH SPENCE,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace
*made* choice of
*to be so* distinguished.

ously at full length; which, though not large, is so agreeably shaped, and has its bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called 'The Assignation Seat,' and has this inscription on the back of it:

'Nerine Galatea; thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior albâ!
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.'*

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth of shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to murmur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very pro-

* IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' lovely child,
Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefil'd
Than down of swan, or ivy's purest white.
When the full oxen, warn'd by fading light,
Home to the stall their sober footsteps bend;
If Damon's dear, to Damon's call attend.

y styled 'The Lover's Walk,' is terminated with ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, (a tiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's,) died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years ge, in the following words on one side:

Peramabili suæ consobrinæ
M. D.

he other side:

Ah! Maria!
puellarum elegantissima!
ah flore venustatis abrepta,
vale!
Heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari,
quam tui
meminisse!*

ie ascent from hence winds somewhat more ly to another seat, where the eye is thrown a rough scene of broken and furzy ground, a piece of water in the flat, whose extremire hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which ouse appears, and makes upon the whole no easing picture. The path still winds under r up the hill, the steep declivity of which is

* EXPLANATION.
—Sacred to the memory
of
a most amiable kinswoman.
Ah! Maria!
most elegant of nymphs!
snatched from us
in thy bloom of beauty,
ah! farewell!

How much inferior
the living conversation
of others
*to the bare* remembrance
*of* thee!

somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's Eloisa:

'Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!'

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees, thickets, and precipice, and terminates upon a green hill, with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

——'Hic latis otia fundis
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molleque sub arbore somni.'*

Here the eye looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, then over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which the house is discovered among trees and thickets: this forms the fore ground. Beyond this appears a swell of waste furzy land, diversified with a cottage; and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation and inclosures, to about four or five miles' distance.

* IMITATION.

Here tranquil leisures in the ample field;
Here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;
Here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,
And peaceful sleep beneath embow'ring trees,
While lowing herds surround.

Still winding up into the wood, we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water at about half a mile's distance. The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, and terminating with a small rustic building. Though the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure its formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of this hanging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at a lofty gothic seat, whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before mentioned, through the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river. The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of Clent-Hill, at three or four miles' distance, and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttelton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view; the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed to the rustic building before mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here 'The

Temple of Pan,' having a trophy of the Tibia : Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance :

'Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.'*

Hence mounting once more to the right, thro this dark unbrageous walk, we enter at once u a lightsome, high, natural terrace, whence the is thrown over all the scenes we have seen bef together with many fine additional ones, and all held from a declivity that approaches as ne precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a with this inscription :

Divini gloria ruris !†

To give a better idea of this, by far the most m nificent scene here ; it were, perhaps, best to di it into two distinct parts—the noble concave in front, and the rich valley towards the right.- regard to the former, if a boon companion c enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented wi with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the hig idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happin he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffic to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely va as the cavity. It would be idle here to men the Clee Hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mounta

* IMITATION.

Pan, god of shepherds, first inspir'd our swains
Their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains :
Pan from impending harm the fold defends,
And Pan the master of the fold befriends.

† EXPLANATION.

O glory of the silvan scene divine !

or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious distance: which, though they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, and the opposite side thereof well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, though really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description as they would a spectator upon the spot.

Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing 'Pan's Temple,' we go directly down the slope into another part of Mr. Shenstone's grounds, the path leading down through very pleasing home scenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground; and at, perhaps, half a mile's distance, the gothic alcove on a hill well covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.

The next and the subsequent seat afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees, called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family seat of the Lytteltons, and from whence the present Lord Lyttelton derives his title.

We come now to a handsome gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed

with trees and thicket. The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity.

We now descend to a seat inclosed with handsome pales, and backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttleton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left appears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the gothic screen on the slope in the centre.

Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well-variegated country. The next seat shows another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene very significantly alluded to by the motto,

'Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius!'*

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called 'Virgil's Grove,' where, on the entrance, we

* IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams, my mind enchant;
The woods and streams inglorious let me haunt

by a small obelisk on the right hand, with this iption:

P. Virgilio Maroni
Lapis hic cum hac sacer esto.*

re this is a slight bench, where some of the objects are seen again, but in a different point ht. It is not very easy either to paint or de- this delightful grove: however, as the former een more than once attempted, I will hope to gize for an imperfect description, by the diffi- found by those who have aimed to sketch it their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, con- g of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of are inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and underwood, and the whole overshadowed with trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, gh which a copious stream makes its way gh mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, ariety of wild wood-flowers. The first seat proach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Poetæ
IACOBO THOMSON,
Prope fontes illi non fastiditos
G. S
Sedem hanc ornavit.*

* EXPLA-

* EXPLANATION.
To
P. Virgilius Maro,
This Obelisk
and grove
is consecrated.†

te.—It was customary with the Romans to give a prænomen, name, in the manner of our Christian names; accordingly, and that of *Publius*. *He* derived the addition of Maro from *er, who was so called.*

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.'†

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude nich of rock-work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatic weeds; the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen by way of

* EXPLANATION.

To the
much celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMPSON.
This seat was placed
near his favourite spring:
by
W. S.

† IMITATION.

How shall I thank thy Muse so form'd to please?
For not the whispering of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
*Yield* such delight.—

incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice overarched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion: for though surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to choose any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; although it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription:

INSCRIPTION.

'O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power.

'Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies,
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

'The trout bedrop'd with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains,
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

'And sure I hear the Naiad say,
"Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way;
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

"Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain
Thy small unsullied stores disdain;
*Nor let the pensive sage repine,*
*Whose latent course* resembles thine."

The view from it is a calm tranquil sc
water gliding through sloping ground, with a
through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water s
along through a rude sequestered vale, the
on each side covered with weeds and field fl
as that before is kept close shaven. Furth
we lose all sight of water, and only hear the
without having the appearance; a kind of
which the Chinese are fond of producing i
they call their scenes of enchantment. W
turn, all on a sudden, upon the high cascade
we admired before in vista. The scene arc
quite a grotto of native stone running up it,
of trees overhanging it, and the whole shade
head. However, we first approach, upon th
a chalybeate spring, with an iron bowl chai
it, and this inscription upon a stone:

Fons ferrugineus
Divæ quæ secessu isto frui concedit.*

Then turning to the right, we find a stone
making part of the aforesaid cave, with this w
plied inscription:

Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus.†

* EXPLANATION.
To the Goddess
who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
This chalybeate spring
is consecrated.

† IMITATION.
Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats
Carv'd in the living rock, of Nymphs the bless'd retreat

have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the
n of a grotto. We now wind up a shady
the left hand, and crossing the head of this
pass beside the river that supplies it in our
to the house. One seat first occurs under
oak as we ascend the hill; soon after we
ie shrubbery, which half surrounds the
here we find two seats, thus inscribed to
is most particular friends. The first thus:

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI GRAVES:*
Ipse te, Tityre! pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, Ipsa hæc arbusta, vocabant†.

le further the other, with the following in-
.

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI JAGO.‡

s last is an opening down the valley over a
ling lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece
crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat
eple of Hales, a village amid trees, making
hole a very pleasing picture. Thus wind-
gh flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie
, we are conducted to the stables. But

* EXPLANATION.
To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD GRAVES.

† Thee, Tityrus! the pines,
he crystal springs, the very groves, invok'd.

‡ To the
friendship and merits
of
*RICHARD JAGO.*

let it not be forgot, that on the entrance int shrubbery the first object that strikes us is a ' de Medicis, beside a bason of gold-fish, e passed round with shrubs, and illustrated wi following inscription:

——'*Semi-reducta Venus*'.*

'To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
My sober vows I pay;
Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
The bold, the pert, the gay.

'Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy;
Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
To save disastrous Troy.

'Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
She every bosom warms,
While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
And half reveals her charms.

'Learn hence, ye boastful sons of Taste!
Who plan the rural shade,
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
Of pomp, at large display'd.

'Let sweet Concealment's magic art
Your mazy bounds invest,
And while the sight unveils a part,
Let Fancy paint the rest.

'Let coy reserve with cost unite
To grace your wood or field;
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
In aught you paint or build.

'And far be driven the sumptuous glare
Of gold, from British groves,
And far the meretricious air
Of China's vain alcoves.

''Tis bashful Beauty ever twines
The most coercive chain;
'Tis she that sovereign rule declines,
Who best deserves to reign.'

* EXPLANATION.
Venus half-retired:

## *A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.*

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

It is observable that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage: the fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures by which we are to judge of its merit are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of Elegiac poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination: he would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different styles in which the writers of Elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology of the word*, the epithet which Horace gives it†, or the confession which Ovid makes concerning it‡, I think we may conclude thus much, however, that Elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea; that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects,

* ἐ λεγεῦ, ἐ-particulam dolendi.

† Miserabiles elegos. Hor.

‡ Heu nimis *ex vero nunc* tibi nomen erit.
*Ovid.* de Morte Tibulli.

which by its manner of treating them it renders its own: it throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects, which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that Elegies were written, at first, upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add, perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel grove of his Elysium, (*Vide* Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints, and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself was the grief of absent or neglected lovers; and this indulgence might be indeed allowed them, but with this they were not contented: they had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage from thence to overrun the whole territory: they sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations and rejoicings*, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it: they gave the name of Elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations: till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of Elegy; and it should seem that

* *Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan.* Ovid.

any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious myrth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of Love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem, perhaps, introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of Elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; Elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of Elegy to enforce; this, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us, with success, to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As Pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of Elegy to show the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage; and that in a way distinct from Pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagin'd to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity, and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement no way inconsistent with these rural virtues, and that raises Elegy above that *meram rus*, that unpolished *rusticity, which* has given our Pastoral *writers their highest* reputation.

Wealth and splendor will never want their proper weight; the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate: a kind of poetry, therefore, which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates; such a kind of poetry may chance to please, and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of Elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before; it should imitate the voice and language of grief; or, if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification, therefore, is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which Elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in shorter Elegies, and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of Elegies* not long since published; the product of a gentleman of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

* By Hammond.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic; others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages: and in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained; and this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together, with so much ease, into a couplet, as Mr. Pope: but as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of Elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner; and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification: but then the peculiar ease and va-

riety it admits of are, no doubt, sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an Elegy of length.

The chief exception, to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly when it is continued through a long poem; and this may be, perhaps, the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is; I flatter myself that the advantages I have before mentioned, resulting from alternate rhyme, (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may at least, in shorter Elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of Elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind, in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an excess. Love-elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and order.

The Author of the following Elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates: if he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks,

and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments, therefore, were inspired by Nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance; diffusing at least some part of that amusement which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear, perhaps, a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several Elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight, but will allow that men's opinions, as well as tempers, vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy; and consequently, that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the Author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, *in* order to exhibit them to *the greater advantage*, he has endeavoured to

weave his garland by the best model he coul
with what success, beyond his own amuse
must be left to judges less partial to him than
his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of
should be so candid as to approve the vari
subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness c
timent he has endeavoured to impress, he be
metre also may not be too suddenly conde
The public ear, habituated of late to a q
measure, may perhaps consider this as hea
languid; but an objection of that kind ma
dually lose its force, if this measure should
lowed to suit the nature of Elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as
jection with others, that there is too muc
moral cast diffused through the whole; it
plied, that he endeavoured to animate the
so far as not to render this objection too ob
or to risk excluding the fashionable reader;
same time never deviating from a fixed prin
that poetry without morality is but the bloss
a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that spe
plants which may bear at once both fruit
blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perf
without the former, however it may be embel
by the flowers which surround it.

# ELEGIES,

## ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani! VIRG.

The spreading beech alone he would explore
With frequent step; beneath its shady top,
(Ah, profitless employ!) to hills and groves
These indigested lays he wont repeat.

### HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY, AND TAKES OCCASION TO EXPATIATE IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.

TO A FRIEND.

For rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now mid the trees I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.
O may that Genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast,
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!
Far from these paths, ye faithless friends! depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence, the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous Art, correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power, the dull resource, to feig
Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
For lucre's venal meed invite my scorn!
Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!
Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting them
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.
Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.
But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not Art control
The ready pen that makes his edicts known
Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
'Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
Such the soft image of our youthful mind!'
Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away!
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!
Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
*When hope* exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Œnone thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Œnone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

## *ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.*

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise:
O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays:
When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd;
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?
Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.
Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?
No; should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain;
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures and dispell'd his pain.
Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise,
Can every sense of present joys excel;
For this great Hadrian chose laborious days,
Through *this, expiring,* bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who Fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work through latest ages fair?
Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall waft, like odours, through the pleasing page!
To mark the day when, through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?
Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this ancient fire:
Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardors but with life expire.

## *ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH*

### OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

If proud Pygmalion quit this cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies,
Whilst heralds loud, with venal voice, proclaim,
'Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.'
When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.
He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which Fortune's favourites know,
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
  He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
  To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep,
  And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
  And for his friend his very crook was sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the Muses' train;
  From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain,
  The meagre famine, and the wintry sky!

He lov'd a nymph; amidst his slender store
  He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme:
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
  They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
  Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
So Philomel, enamour'd, eyes the rose:
  Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r.

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
  He saw his timorous loves on her depend:
He lov'd the Muse, although she taught in vain;
  He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
  She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She temps patricians from the fatal doors
  Of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
  He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
  *The pensive prospect* sadden'd all his train.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rites supply:
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But Power and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn;
Where were ye then, ye powerful Patrons! where?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

## *OPHELIA'S URN.*

TO MR. G——.

Through the dim vale of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleeps the relics of that virtuous maid;
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
'Why has such worth, without distinction died?
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?'

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh;
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb;
And beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful sable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah! gentle forms! expect no fond relief:
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest, favourite is no more.

HE COMPARES THE TURBULENCE OF LOVE WITH TH TRANQUILLITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO MELISSA, HIS FRIEND.

From Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies;
Thou, generous Maid! reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care;
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah, dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dearest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love;
Love is a pleasing but a various clime.

So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd;
When straight Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh, blissful regions! oh, unrivall'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd:
Oh, fatal realms! and, oh, accurs'd domains!
When Pliny mid sulphureous clouds expir'd.

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play,
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend or ocean rave;
Ev'n Hope subside, amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

## *TO A LADY,*

### ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Come then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore,
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the silvan shade,
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid
No solemn dervise can explain so well.——

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
The slave of hopeless vows and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I construed the mellifluent strain:—

'Sing on, my bird!—the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird!—'tis Damon hears thy song,
Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

'He the sad source of our complaining knows,
A foe to Tereus and to lawless love!
He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
Ah, could our music his complaint remove!

'Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
And see! pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
*Sing on, my bird!* and hear thy mate's reply.

'Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd,
No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray;
But ill-star'd birds that, listening, not admir'd,
Or listening, envied our superior lay.

'Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,
Let such by day unite their jarring strains;
But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns.'

## *HE DESCRIBES HIS VISION*

### TO AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. *Virg.*
All animals beside, o'er all the earth, &c.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shade descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where Toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breath'd his native air
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair

Instant a grateful form appear'd confess'd;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd;
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

'Stranger, (he said) amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?
Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

'For know, I trod the trophied paths of pow'r,
Felt every joy that fair Ambition brings,
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

'I bade low hinds the towering ardour share,
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone;
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

'Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.'

'Ah me! (said I) nor power I seek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

'He, the dear youth! to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

'Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how *my lonely cot* resounds with glee!

'Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to Fame's obstreperous bl
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

'Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were fe

'But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire
Shot'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these

'Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road?
Or Falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way

'Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded gat
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

'Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

'And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend;
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend

'Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night

## ICRIBES HIS EARLY LOVE OF POETRY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

TO MR. G——, 1745.*

e! what envious magic thins my fold?
at mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
t e'er with doric pipe essays to please.

my friends in evening circles meet;
ok my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
d them say my vocal reed was sweet:—
fool! to credit what I heard them say.

ed bard! that seeks his skill to show,
n courts the judgment of a friendly ear;
ie poor veteran, that permits his foe
guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

ould my G—— mistake the critic's laws,
pious Friendship mark'd the pleasing way.
me such error! ever bless'd the cause!
n though it led me boundless leagues astray.

st thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame,
listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
foe to Fortune, unseduc'd by Fame,
oth'd the bias of a careless mind.

's gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met;
at though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
shall the Muse those vacant hours forget?
deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

* Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender bre
Where Love and Fancy fix their opening rei
How Nature shines, in livelier colours dress'd,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green,
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twit'nam's widow'd bow'r
The drooping Muses take their casual way,
And where they stop a flood of tears they pour,
And where they weep no more the fields are g

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah! might we now the pious rage control!
Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep-swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise
But soon, too deep it works its baneful way,
And low on earth the prostrate ruin lies.*

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

HE DESCRIBES HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS.

TO A FRIEND.

I NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove;
The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize
Yet gave them ample recompense in love.

They gave you vigour from your parents' veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your sinews brace;
They gave you nymphs that own their amorous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd!

Wouldst thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave!
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When Love deplores the tyrant power of Gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream slow-wandering down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
'Some miser weds (I cry) the captive maid,
And some fond lover sickens at the sound.'

Not Somervile, the Muse's friend of old!
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shun'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my Friend! with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.*

## *TO FORTUNE,*

SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVE FOR REPINING AT HER DISPENSATIONS.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

* Croesus.

'Tis not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, 'Forbear:

'Forbear, vain Youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
Thy fortunes mouldering, and thy domes entire.

'Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
He planted, scornful of my sage commands,
The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands.

'See the small stream, that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth dis-
Displays it aught but penury and pride? [play,
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

'How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil! [blest,
How must Velino* shake his reedy crest!
How every cygnet mock the boastive rill!'

Fortune! I yield: and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
*And with retorted eye* forsakes the dome.

* *A river in Italy, that falls* 100 yards perpendicular.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains,
  Can unrepining leave the rising wall;
Check the fond love of art that fired my veins,
  And my warm hopes in full pursuit recal.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
  Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
  To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
  As in the sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine
  That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supplied,
  Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But, ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
  Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
  Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
  The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

'Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
  Ye glittering daughters of Disguise, adieu!'
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
  But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
  'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see.
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
  And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee

## COMPLAINS HOW SOON THE PLEASING NOVELTY OF LIFE IS OVER.

### TO MR.——J.*

me! my Friend! it will not, will not last!
'his fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes;
: charm dissolves; the' aërial music's past;
'he banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

ere are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Vhere the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
ish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
nd we, delightless, left to wander home!

a now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
Vhat has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Reason learns by studied laws to reign,
he weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

rce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
carce shown the whole that Fortune can supply,
:e not the miser so carass'd his gold
s I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
'o deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
as life, 'twas taste, and—oh, my foolish heart!
ubstantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

I you, ye works of Art! allur'd mine eye,
he breathing picture and the living stone: [deny,
ough gold, though splendour, Heaven and Fate
et might I call one Titian stroke my own!'

t with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil,
he wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride;
m'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
ut soon the *paths* of health and fame divide.

*Probably Jago: the author of Edge-hill, and other poems.*

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul;
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing.
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit! adieu;
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue?

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracts of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race;
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
*Then* sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

## *HIS RECANTATION.*

ɔre the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
more with aukward fallacy complains
:very fervor from my bosom flies,
I Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

ıe chill winter of our days arrive,
more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel one loitering wish survive—
! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

:ar of Venus ushers in the day,
first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
ar of Venus lends her brightest ray,
en other stars their friendly beams resign.

ı my breast one soft desire remains,
: as that star, from guilt, from interest, free;
:ntle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
ıe with careless hand my languid lays,
secret impulse wakes my former flame,
fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

not long beneath yon rural bowers,
lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see;
:ntle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

## *TO A FRIEND,*

ON SOME SLIGHT OCCASION ESTRANGED FROM HIM.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And till they crown our union gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone,
Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend;
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
*Why leave* thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
e no more the vernal roses bloom!
rn Fate his ebon wand display,
oint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

: keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
thou follow'st my untimely bier;
at I was—if friends so soon must part,—
suspicion intermix a fear.'

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'O AN INVITATION TO VISIT FOREIGN RIES, HE TAKES OCCASION TO INTIMATE )VANTAGES OF HIS OWN.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

thers, lost to friendship, lost to love,
their best minutes on a foreign strand,
with British nymph or swain to rove,
)urt the genius of my native land.

youth! that quits these verdant plains,
ch the follies of an alien soil!
he vice his genuine soul disdains,
ı exultant, and import the spoil!

e boasts of his detested prize;
re it blooms, to British climes convey'd;
by the impulse of ungenial skies,
ı fresh vigour in a moment fade!

ıtic folly knows its native clime,
kward stranger, if we waft it o'er:
ın these toils, this costly waste of time,
read soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms:
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes
Would change the meanest warbler of my gr

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since Freedom fled the' Hesperian cl
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd sh
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er the' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil! are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envied plants perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours plea
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound the' Arcadian gro
Or with rude lips the' Aonian fount profane
The Muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah, hapless realms! that wars's oppression fe
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd, she once beheld its friendly shade
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
*The Mournful* types of mighty power decay'

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the voice of Truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media! boast thy flowery stores;
Thy thousand hues by chemic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's* breast could virtue's stores afford,
What envied flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville! thee, with calmest courage fraught!
Thee, the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee, by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught!
When shall we cease to boast or to deplore?

Presumptuous War, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompense decree?
While friends, that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish; feel—the loss of thee!

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the Muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

* Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

## *IN MEMORY OF A PRIVATE FAMILY,*

IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

From a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
Still as the village caught the waving sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
'Our hope, (they cried) our kind support, is dead!'

'Twas good Palemon!—Near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by Instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires, to gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd;
In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky,
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

* The *Penns* of Harborough; a place whose name in the Saxon language alludes to an army: and there is a tradition that there *was a battle fought on the Downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.*

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—'My thread, (he cried)
'is spun!
If Heaven had meant I should my life extend,
Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my son!
'Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the stroke were mild.
Had my frail form obey'd the Fates' decree!
Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Had Heaven so pleas'd, and I had died for thee.'

Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes;
Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne

'Twas on those downs*, by Roman host annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd,
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And Freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name,
If fostering skies, the sun, the shower were bless'd,
Their bounty spread; their fields' extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend,
Bade Luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And Avarice to city breasts descend.

* Harborough Downs.

None to a virgin's mind prefer'd her dow'r,
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The sire in place of titles, wealth, or pow'r,
Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.
They spoke of Fortune as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From Lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets that border Virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.
Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew.

Sincere themselves, ah! too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere.
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.
Sketch'd on the lattice of the' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r:
Ah! gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure to blissful realms the souls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of Science! music all their own;
Music, the voice of Virtue and of Love!
The journeying peasant, through the secret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear,
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
*No angel play*'d—but might with transport hear.

hese the sounds that chase unholy Strife,
lve Envy's charm, Ambition's wretch release,
: him to spurn the radiant ills of life,
' pity pomp, to be content with peace.

well, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
e praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
well! the virtues which deserve to live
serve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

of his race, Palemon, now no more
e modest merit of his line display'd;
pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—
ft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

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GGESTS THE ADVANTAGES OF BIRTH TO A PERSON MERIT, AND THE FOLLY OF A SUPERCILIOUSNESS AT IS BUILT UPON THAT SOLE FOUNDATION.

s genius, grac'd with lineal splendour, glows,
ien title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd;
some fair almond's flowery pomp, it shows
e pride, the perfume, of the regions round.

learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;
dure the swain, the youth of low degree;
neekness join'd its temperate beam display;
s the mild verdure that endears the tree.

he sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
sighs to brighten a neglected name;
o the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
mourns his lot; he wishes, merits, fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly,
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye, [sh
But gleams still lovely through the chequ

Vainly to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the desert plain,
E'vn I may wonder, and e'vn I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely still, she bore;
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And on her brow a flowery wreath she wor

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the prid
Of every plain; she pillag'd every grove:
The fading chaplet daily she supplied,
And still her hand some various garland wo

Erroneous Fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic str
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When as wild Fancy taught her, thus she sa

'Hear me, dear youth, oh! hear an hapless ma
Sprung from the sceptred line of ancient ki
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder thing

'The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I nor you shall its compassion move;
*Come*, friendly let us wander and complain,
*And tell* me, shepherd! hast thou seen my l

'My love is young—but other loves are young!
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love who boasts that air divine.

'No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest;
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brillant crown distinguishes his brow.

'What, shall I stain the glories of my race, [beam?
More clear, more lovely bright, than Hesper's
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

'See through these veins the sapphire current shine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave the' ethereal hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine,
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

'The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove:
He frown'd—I, smiling, view'd the faint essay:—
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

'Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told,
How amorous Jove trepan'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art and painter's care.

'Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn sprung
Our sacred race, through demigods convey'd;
And he, allied to Phœbus, ever young,
My godlike boy! must wed their duteous maid.

'Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My sire's dread fury murmurs through the sky:
And should I *yield*—*his* instant rage appears:
*He darts the'* uplifted vengeance—and I die.

'Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll?
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare?
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul;
'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare.

''Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

'But, oh! I faint; why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And shall I die—before I find my love?

'When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

'Oh how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase,
Till on a sudden these withheld their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

'But now no more—behind the distant grove
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see! he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—,
Ianthe comes; thy princess hasets away.'

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain,
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain.

## )ULGES THE SUGGESTIONS OF SPLEEN:

### AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

namque tibi divum Pater atque hominum rex,
sere dedit mentes et tollere vento.

e! to thee, the fire supreme
and men, the mighty power bequeath'd
se or to assuage the human mind.

ionarch of the winds! admit my pray'r;
le thy fury check, thy storms confine;
l blast impels the passive air,
rews a tempest in a breast like mine.

nds of black ideas spread their wings!
eaceful regions of content invade!
adly poison taint the crystal springs!
noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

heir leader, Spleen, and the dread sway
id Eurus, his detested sire;
one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
gh one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

ne pale stripling, when his icy way,
ing, yields beneath the noontide beam,
ghast; and chill'd with fear, survey
ar I've tempted life's deceitful stream.

by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
wretched Fancy a retreat explore?
the sad *presage* of coming years,
*rrowing, dwells on* pleasures now no more.

Again with patrons and with friends she roves,
But friends and patrons never to return;
She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Iis! thy forsaken stream;
Oh! ill forsaken for Bœotian air;
She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.

She deems beneath thy sacred shades were past
Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel;
Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries—Farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd,
By youthful sports, by youthful toils, allied;
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow,
Sees every Muse a partial ear incline,
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease,
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale
Superfluous mortal! let me ever rove;
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone,
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
*Away, my friends!* my sorrows are my own;
*Why should* I breathe around my look desire

Bear me, ye winds! indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell;
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mouldering refuse build my cell.
Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display,
Trace every dismal proof of Fortune's pow'r;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.
Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall;
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn,
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.
Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd Marius,* louring by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.
Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude control,
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast death-like darkness shocks my soul.
Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail Fear, or Hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

* 'Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marium inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posnent esse solatio.' *Liv.*

EXPLANATION.

Marius endured a life of poverty under shelter of the Carthaginian ruins; and while he contemplated Carthage, and Carthage beheld him, they might be said mutually to resemble and accost for each other.

## *HE REPEATS THE SONG OF COLIN,*

### A DISCERNING SHEPHERD,

### LAMENTING THE STATE OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. VIRG.

Thou, therefore, in proportion to their lack
Of human aid, with all thy care defend
From frozen seasons and inclement blasts,
And give them timely food.

Near Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A tuneful shepherd* charm'd the listening wave,
And sunny Cotsol' fondly lov'd the strain,
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay, [tongue;
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing
The more I found his faltering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

* Mr. Somerville.

## *WRITTEN IN SPRING*, 1743.

n the labouring hind inverts the soil;
ain the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
her spring renews the soldier's toil,
id finds me vacant in the rural cave.

ie soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
ie pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
sordid Alpheus hurried through my groves,
t stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

lanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
blam'd the graces of my favourite bow'r;
reast, unsullied by the lust of gold;
time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
)jure these scenes, from venal passions free;
w in this grove I vow'd perpetual hate,
ar, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours
lress'd an altar to Thalia's name;
, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
ft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

non, (she cried) if, pleas'd with honest praise,
ou court success by virtue or by song;
the false dictates of the venal race,
y the gross accents of the venal tongue.

ear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
verve not thy foot with Fortune's votaries more;
id thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—'
he w*inning phantom* urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
'Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial Pow'rs'
Aid me to quell the sordid breast, (I said;)
And threw my javelin tow'rds their hostile tow'rs.*
Think not regretful I survey the deed,
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.
Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such generous hate the Punic champion† bore:
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Canna's walls and Trebia's crimson shore
But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Far shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—
Nor Punic pride its final eve survey'd,
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire;
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And saw the' unwilling elephants retire.
But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He saw the' unalterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.
'Think not, (he cried) ye view the smiles of ease,
On his firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain.
'But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Becomes it less timely than the grief ye show?
O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The sordid source of your indecent woe.

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war. † Hannibal.

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* The Roman commonly in declaring war ... † Hannibal.

'Why weep ye now? ye saw with tearless eye
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd, honour'd shade!
Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
Had Freedom shar'd the vow to Fortune paid,
She ne'er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore.'

He ceas'd—Abash'd the conscious audience hear,
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold,
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And falling, moistens their abandon'd gold.*

---

HE COMPARES HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE WITH THE DISTRESS OF OTHERS, AND HIS SUBJECTION TO DELIA WITH THE MISERABLE SERVITUDE OF AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

Why droops this heart with fancied woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!

What though my roof devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,
Where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were *to deliver up all the elephants*, and to pay near two millions *sterling*.

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes, well becomes the brave;
The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound:
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes;
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He drop'd a tear unseen into the flood,
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire;
To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

'Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land, [main?
And more than sea-born monsters plough the

'Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
Here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
Can we not here secure from envy dwell?

'When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
When the stern panther sought his midnight prey;
What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race?*
O race more polish'd, more severe, than they!

* Spoken by a Savage.

owling wolves! pursue my latest cries;
t, hungry tiger! leave thy reeking den;
ly wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
ir me from the whips and scorns of men!

their face superior beauty glows;
smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
m their lips the voice of mercy flows,
ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

sful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
re gentle minds, convey'd by Death, repair;
in'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with
crimes,
shall they merit what they paint so fair?

areless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
by our toils, and by our sorrows gay;
ly our labours and enhance our pains,
feign those distant regions to repay.

em our tusky elephant expires;
hem we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
rove the brutal nations' wild desires?—
imbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!

ores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
avour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,
e every breeze shall med'cine every wound.

the stern tyrant that embitters life
, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
hall we view the billows' raging strife,
he kind breast, and waft his boat to land.'

TAKING A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY FROM HIS RET
MENT, HE IS LED TO MEDITATE ON THE CHARAC
OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS. WRITTEN AT THE T
OF A RUMOURED TAX UPON LUXURY, 1746.

THUS Damon sung—'What though unknowr
praise,
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me,
Or mid the rural shepherds flow my days:
Amid the rural shepherds I am free.

'To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?

'Lord of my time, my devious path I bend
Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven l
Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend;
And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawr

'Thanks be to Fate—though nor the racy vin
Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove;
Sequester'd shades and gurgling founts are mi
And every sylvan grot the Muses love.

'Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aspect wo
I trace the tottering relics with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more.

'Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies born
*Discern* the Cambrian hills support the skie

'And see, Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain:
Such, Caer-Caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures the' Iernian main.

'Bleak, joyless regions! where by science fir'd,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd
Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

'Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The free-born Briton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

'Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes;
Above or Persian luxe or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

'Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame,
Sires to his praise attun'd their children's tongue,
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend wizard sung

"Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons!—for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

"For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, bless'd with boundless freedom, reign,
With misletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

" Such are the names that grace your mystic songs,
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons! the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

" Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms!
This is the favour'd moment Heaven approves,
Sound the shrill trump; this instant sound, to arms."

' Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace
To give new horrors to the tented field.

' Now for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise;
The listed youth nor War's loud signal know,
Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

' Then, if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car,
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

' Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage, glides supine.
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

' Leave then, O, Luxury! this happy soil;
Chase her, Britannia! to some hostile shore;
Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil*,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.'

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR——, WHEN THE RIGHTS OF SEPULTURE WERE SO FREQUENTLY VIOLATED.

Say, gentle Sleep! that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician! say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light,
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia stood before my couch confess'd.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade,
But she that, in the morning of her day,
Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame;
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass'd,
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face,
Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud.

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
That dear distinction every doubt remov'd;
Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd!

'Damon,' she said, 'mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear:
Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

'So may thy muse with virtuous fame be bless'd!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in sacred silence rest!'
Fast by the relics of some happier maid!

'Thou know'st how, lingering on a distant shore,
Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And, oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

'No friend was near to raise my drooping head,
No dear companion wept to see me die;
"Lodge me within my native soil;" I said,
"There my fond parents' honour'd relics lie.

"Though now debar'd of each domestic tear,
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,
And many a sigh shall rise and tear shall flow."

'I spoke, nor Fate forebore his trembling spoil;
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid,
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths from every plain and grove
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender scene display?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah, no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

'Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave,
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
*And* with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb

'Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid;
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

'Say, would thy breast no deathlike torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

'If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
If Health's fair science be by these refin'd;
Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems when Guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse denied repose;
Now, more severe, the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

'Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, instinctive cries, "Protect the dead;
And sacred be their ashes and their fame!"

'Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey:
See! see! I lead thee to yon sacred walls—
Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away.'

## *REFLECTIONS,*

SUGGESTED BY HIS SITUATION.

Born near the scene for Kenelm's* fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane,
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
The' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise:
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were Fortune! ah, how just were Fate!
Would Fate or Fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudful maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

* Kenelm, in the Saxon heptarchy, was heir to the kingdom of Mercia; but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a piece of ground near the top of Clent Hill, exactly facing Mr. Shenstone's house, near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St. Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

But now, nor shaggy hill nor pathless plain
Forms the lone refuge of the silvan game,
Since Lyttelton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire; [succeed
And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn,
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loitering near some limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!
See *** from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how Freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope!—ah, never must that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts or dearer friend return!
What art, what friendships! oh, what fame resign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair Freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
Through these dear vallies bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate;
Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares,
To *shine in anguish*, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O Sun! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain!
Where, show me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fea
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent's smile is half sincere,
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There cowardRumours walk their murderous roun
The glance that more than rural blame instils:
Whispers that ting'd with friendship, doubly woun
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Caressing brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the sa
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! sister, son, and sire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conspi
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms

Let servile minds one endless watch endure!
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resig
But lay me, Fate! on flowery banks secure,
Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, supi

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of Freedom than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow:
Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia; and, if she be true,
His love at once and his ambition's crown'd.

---

HE TAKES OCCASION, FROM THE FATE OF ELEANOR OF BRETAGNE*, TO SUGGEST THE IMPERFECT PLEASURES OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

When Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind
The cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd,
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish every rose devour:
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

* Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the *beauty of her time*; was imprisoned forty years *(till the time of her death)* in Bristol Castle.

Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This Age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me ** the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days;
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
The' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak, or limpid spring,
Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some Genius whispers, 'Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

'What though thy riper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture and the broider'd fold
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

'Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn,
The futile presents of capricious Pow'r!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn;
And who but envies then the social hour?

'Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how ** sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

'For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the Muse's favourite ease;
And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
*Admiring* praise, admiring strive to please?

'Life (says the sage) affords no bliss sincere,
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew;
But ah! where Grenville charms the listening ear,
'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

'The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay;
E'en thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
But can they please when Lyttelton's away

'Pure as the swain's the breast of ** glows;
Ah, were the shepherd's phrase like his refin'd!
But how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

'Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost wish in ** periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

'While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire.
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

'Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go, dare the light; enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

'Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk, no more by passion toss'd;
Then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom,
Where every art that colours life is lost.'——

In vain! the listening Muse attends in vain!
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
*When injur'd Beauty mourns the Muse's fate.*

## *TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS:*

COMPLAINING HOW MUCH HIS BENEVOLENCE SUFFERS ON ACCOUNT OF HIS HUMBLE FORTUNE.

WHATE'ER could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can show'r,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy
That pleas'd my fair—but Fate denies my pow'r.

Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And for my transport on his smile depend!

Bless'd, too, is he whose evening ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest pray'r!

And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious light;
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen:
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve!
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade,
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
*This*, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine!

Faint is my bounded bliss: nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll,
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

Awhile I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
Awhile I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share,
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O, let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim;
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy, us'd to shine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.
Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore,
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

'For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell:
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In Fortune's train the siren Flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

'Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor drop'd the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

'Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
h'd each feature with affected scorn;
of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
to deny, and zealous to disprove,
ıy words the wonted softness wear,
eiz'd the minute of returning love.

e, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
'et thy love a candid ear incline?
that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

ıvious moons matur'd her growing shame,
hile to flaunt it in the face of day;
:orn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
t my feet desponding Jessy lay,'

," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd,
ıe sad relics of a nymph undone!
find this rising sob renew'd;
in shades, and sicken at the sun.

:he dreary gloom of night I cry,
will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
t can morn's returning ray supply,
es that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

no more that joyous morn appears,
ed the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
ve steep'd a father's couch in tears,
ng'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

ıcal birds that raise their matin strain,
portive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
to chase me from the cheerful plain,
*lk of truth* and innocence alone.

" If through the garden's flowery tribes I str
Where bloom the jasmines that could once s
' Hope not to find delight in us,' they say,
' For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.'

" Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so
Say could ye with my virgin fame compare
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young
And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me

" Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for y

" Raise me from earth, the pains of want rem
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shor
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

" Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair
Nor could it heal my peace or chase my sham
That Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty brea
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed !
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
And Pity welcome to my native soil."—

'She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

'I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
I saw her breast with every passion heave;—
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh, my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be: the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

'And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!'

# LEVITIES:

OR,

## PIECES OF HUMOUR.

### *FLIRT AND PHIL.*

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Silvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love,
Yet hop'd by different means to move
Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen,
Went—when his glass advis'd him;
While meagre Phil of books inquir'd,
A wight for wit and parts admir'd,
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Silvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth, too claim'd its share;
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

## ) *THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY,*

### BURIED IN MARRIAGE

TO A PERSON UNDESERVING HER

was always held, and ever will
3y sage mankind, discreeter
' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

ıen mortals dread diseases, pain,
\nd languishing conditions;
ıo dont't the lesser ills sustain
)f physic—and physicians?

:her than lose his whole estate,
Ie that but little wise is,
l gladly pays four parts in eight
'o taxes and excises.

.r merchants Spain has near undone,
'or lost ships not requiting;
is bears our noble K—— to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting!

th numerous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended;
:h to avoid he takes a wife—
\nd much the case is mended!

)r Gratia, in her twentieth year,
'oreseeing future woe,
)se to attend a monkey here
lefore an ape below.

## *COLEMIRA.*

### A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

Insensible of soft desire
Behold Colemira prove
More partial to the kitchen fire
Than to the fire of Love.

Night's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed,
When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen-fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground,
The little Lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face.

To all his plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

'Could I,' he cried, 'express how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands and well-wash'd face,
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

'Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire and redder things,
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

no chamber-damsel can compare,
neridian lustre shines my fair,
m'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
r goodly cheek the sweat distils.

I long, how ardently desire,
hose rosy fingers strike the lyre!
vhen bees to change their climes began,
see 'em thrum the frying pan!

I should not envy G— his queen,
ıe in royal grandeur deck'd be seen;
;s, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
)omp and greasy pride hang down.

it does my drooping heart rejoice,
he hall I hear thy mellow voice!
d that voice exceed the village bell,
hou but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

)m the hearth she bade the pointers go,
how easy, did her accents flow!
(she cried;) when strangers come to sup,
can raise those snoring devils up."

l of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
ıvied even that salute:
: misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
ıs lief I had the kick as they."

: mystic bellows take in hand,
the fair can that machine command?
hou ne'er by Æolus be seen,
uld sure demand thee for his queen!

ld the flame this rougher aid refuse,
gentler medicines be of use,
)lown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
he infant flame, and puffs it into life.

'Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O, give thy puffing oe'r,
And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more

'With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pancake roun
And dropt it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

'Look, with what charming grace, what winni
tricks,
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
So bright she makes the candlesticks she hand
Oft have I said—"there were no need of candle

'But thou, my fair! who never would'st approv
Or hear the tender story of my love,
Or mind how burns my raging breast—a buttor
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.'

Thus said, and wept, the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with those they should de
To those they love more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

## *ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.*

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow—
'Tis not the' Arcadian swain that sings;
But 'tis his herds that low.

## *THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.*

'AS in a land of learning,
: Muses' favourite city,
h pranks of late
re play'd by a rat,
-tempt one to be witty.

in a college-study,
ere books were in great plenty,
; rat would devour
e sense in an hour
n I could write—in twenty.

poreal food, 'tis granted,
'es vermin less refin'd, Sir;
this a rat of taste,
other rats surpass'd,
he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

breakfast half the morning
constantly attended;
when the bell rung
evening song
dinner scarce was ended!

spar'd not ev'n heroics,
which we poets pride us,
would make no more
ting Arthurs* by the score,
n—all the world beside does.

* By Sir Richard Blackmore.

In books of geo-graphy
He made the maps to flutter;
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to overdose him,
To check its rage
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him.

A Trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited;
The fact—I'll not belie it—
Since none—I tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat,
Mind books when he has other diet.

But more of Trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, of either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And drag'd 'em away together.

Both Trap and bait were vanish'd
Through a fracture in the flooring,
Which though so trim
It now may seem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!
Nor deem I mean to wrong ye,
Had the rat, which thus did seize on
The Trap, less claim to reason
Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since Traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin* take our Traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,
Lest they grow as learn'd as we
In our studies, where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains,
Good luck betide our cats, Sir!
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

## *ON MR. C——*

### OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

THY verses, Friend! are Kidderminster* stu
And I must own—you've measur'd out enou

## *TO THE VIRTUOSOS.*

HAIL, curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is;
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman-sallies;
Or that your prey, in gardens found,
Is urg'd through walks and allies;

Yet in the fury of the chase
No slope could e'er retard you;
Bless'd if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wing reward you.

Fierce as Camilla† o'er the plain
Pursued the glittering stranger,
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the favourite meat
To Nature's filmy people;
Know what conserves they choose to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple:

* Kidderminster, famous for a coarse woollen manufact
† See Virgil.

nd if her brood of insects dies,
Your sage assistance lend her;
an stoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help 'em to engender.

'is you protect their pregnant hour;
And, when the birth's at hand,
xerting your obstetric pow'r,
Prevent a mothless land.

:t, oh! howe'er your tow'ring view
Above gross objects rises,
'hate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

friend who, weigh'd with your's, must prize
Domitian's idle passion,
hat wrought the death of teasing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

:t Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine—
› slight Dame Nature's fairest form,
And sigh for Nature's vermin:

ıd speak with some respect of beaus,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em;
is better learn to save one's clothes
Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

## *THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.*

Alterque et idem.
Another and the same.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolutions flag,
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the House;
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags! give place,
Full bottoms come instead:
Good L—d! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head!

## *THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.*

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.
Advise it, for 'tis fix'd.

SAYS Richard to Thomas, (and seem'd half afraid)
'I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;
Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

'Nay, don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;
For faith I'm in earnest; so, prithee, be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her;
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tie myself to her.'

Said Thomas to Richard, 'To speak my opinion,
There is not such a b— in King George's dominion;
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou wouldst choose out a whipping-post first to be tied to.

'She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold:'—
Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night, had inform'd her what Thomas had said.

## *A BALLAD.*

Trahit sua quemque voluptas *Hor.*
Every one to his liking.

From Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife whom the swains might admire:
But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way.

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country-hall.
To have neither China nor India to see,
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road.

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And she wondered how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet singers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
*And* the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else than in
Town;—
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

## *SLENDER'S GHOST.*

VIDE SHAKSPEARE'S MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spied
Poor Slender's Ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!'

e gentle bards! give ear,
ho talk of amorous rage,
ho spoil the lily, rob the rose,
me learn of me to weep your woes;
sweet! O sweet Anne Page!'

y should such labour'd strains
r formal Muse engage?
er dream'd of flame or dart,
fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,
igh'd, 'O sweet Anne Page!'

ou! whose love-sick minds
d'cine can assuage,
the leech's art no more,
rn of Slender to deplore;
*et! O sweet Anne Page!'*

And ye! whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains;
'O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!'

And you! who boast or grieve
What horrid wars ye wage,
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
'O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!'

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way.
Expresses all you have to say,
'O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!'

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## *THE INVIDIOUS.*

FROM MARTIAL.

O FORTUNE! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now:
Yet think not, goddess! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it

In a well-made effectual string
Fain would I see Lividio swing;
Hear him from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

## THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. *Mart.*

'If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe me, thou no master need'st to have.'

.SK'D a friend, amidst the throng,
hose coach it was that trail'd along?
'he gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
iat with the footmen stuck behind.'
'O sir! (says he) what! ha'n't you seen it?
is Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
is odd, methinks, you have forgot
ur friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
ur old acquaintance, Damon!'—'True;
it faith his Equipage is new.'
'Bless me, (said I) where can it end?
hat madness has possess'd my friend?
ur powder'd slaves, and those the tallest;
ieir stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest?
n Damon's revenue maintain,
lace and food, so large a train?
:now his land—each inch o' ground—
is not a mile to walk it round—
Damon's whole estate can bear
) keep his lad and one-horse chair,
wn 'tis past my comprehension.'—
es, sir, but Damon has a pension.'—
ius does a false ambition rule us,
ius pomp delude, and folly fool us;
) keep a race of flickering knaves,
: *grows himself* the worst of slaves

## *HINT FROM VOITURE.*

Let Sol his annual journies run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, through all the globe, 'twould pose h
To match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him
To match—what Celia never shows him.

## *TO A FRIEND.*

Have you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?—
Says Ned to Sal, 'I lead a spade;
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pass the time away.—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, haggling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, Chicken?
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it.'
Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her air
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.
Methinks, old Friend! 'tis wondrous true
That verse is but a game at loo.

While many a bard, that shows so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while,
Or praise at most, for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signified a farthing more,
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.
Through fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves,
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the god bestows.
You now none other flame require
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorners,
In s—houses and chimney-corners.
Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come, deal again.—
No good come on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers.—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.
Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.
'I've done, (she mutter'd;) I was saying,
It did not argufy my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot choose,
But think or not think—some must lose.
I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then.—
Give me an ace of trumps, and see,
*Our Ned will beat* me with a three!

'Tis all by luck that things are carried—
He'll suffer for it when he's married.'
Thus Sal, with tears in either eye,
While victor Ned sat tittering by.
Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sat down, and scribbled in a trice
Just what you see—and you despise.
You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along,
And, trotting on the king's highway,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.
What is this wreath, so green, so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?
Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at loo?
Ah, no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

## *THE POET AND THE DUN*, 1741.

'These are messengers
hat feelingly persuade me what I am.' SHAKESPEARE.

ES a Dun in the morning and raps at my door—
nade bold to call—'tis a twelve month and more—
sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, sir—
t Job would be paid, sir, had Job been a mercer.'
y friend, have but patience'—'Ay, these are
your ways.'
ave got but one shilling to serve me two days—
t, sir—prithee take it, and tell your attorney
ha'n't paid your bill I have paid for your journey.'
Vell, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
d calmly consider—Consider? vexation!
at whore that must paint, and must put on false
d counterfeit joy in the pangs of the p—x! [locks,
at beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now
beaten,
o, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!
at porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
what Dun boast of patience that thinks of a Bard!
ll, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be
poorer,
rn shoeboy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
t love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
d dun some poor dog of a poet myself.
e's credit, however, of course will grow better,
re *enters the footman*, and brings me a letter.

'Dear sir! I receiv'd your obliging epistle,
Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.
I read over with wonder the poem you sent me,
And I must speak your praises; no soul shall prevent
The audience, believe me, cried out every line [me.
Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.
I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard for much a less genius was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend! and for high life prepare ye;
I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye.'
Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waste that and health, and my time, and my taper;
I scribbled till morn, when with wrath no small store,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
'Ah, friend! 'tis but idle to make such a pother,
Fate, Fate has ordain'd us to plague one another.'

---

## *WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.*

To thee fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champaigne:
Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

## *A SIMILE.*

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see,
Who with her plastic tongue alone
Produc'd a visage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
The powerful force of education.*—
Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing,
Ev'n now the strange exploits of Bruin,
Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
The wonder of a gaping crowd!
So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,

* Of a fond matron's education.

Forbid for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home,
Who gives him many a well-tried rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire;
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:
His tenants of superior sense
Carouse and laugh at his expense,
And deem the pastime I'm relating
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

## *THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.*

A TALE.

'Sir, will you please to walk before?'
'—No, pray, sir—you are next the door.'
'—Upon mine honour I'll not stir—'
'Sir, I'm at home; consider, sir.—'
'Excuse me, sir; I'll not go first,'
'Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded.—'
Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, friends! with your proceedi
It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
*Half* crazy, or at least half mellow,

To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.
Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?
Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.
When college-students take degrees,
And pay the beadles' endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gaudy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see
Moliere's *Médecin malgre lui*)
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before the' apothecary.
Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.
O Celia! gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow.
If Florimel, *your equal now*,

Should one day gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—though in a dish of coffee?
Plac'd first, although where you are found
You gain'd the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, though not with half the fame
That waits my charming Celia's name?
  Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fix'd esteem and fond desire:
Barely, whe'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love—
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of caprice;
And worth, howe'er you have pursued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it:
You'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.
  Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame,
And well the wit secur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift
Not quite so innocent as Swift;
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
'He's honest, faith.'—Have patience, neighbours,
For patriots may sometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave
To serve them in a higher sphere,
And drop their virtue to get there.—
  As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,
Ere on Elysium's flowery strand
Old Charon suffer'd 'em to land;
So, ere we meet a court's caresses,
*No doubt* our souls must change their dresses;

And souls there be who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a-day.
If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And saints alike and sinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick that few can get along,
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who's happier than a king?—a queen.
Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion:
Women and beaux, beyond all measure,
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.
'Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You'd hint a beau were not a man:'
Say women then are fond of places?
I wave all disputable cases.
A man, perhaps, would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
He might deliberate once or twice on't,
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't;
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.
But women wish Precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age:
Perhaps they would not sell outright,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes choose it,
Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.
'Pre-eminence in pain!' you cry,
All fierce and pregnant with reply:

But lend your patience and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail:
Beside, my title says,—a tale.
Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon! the Muses' favourite theme;
Avon! that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flowers both farms and verses
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my tale;
For 'tis in Ev'sham's Vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
The soil, with annual plenty bless'd,
Was by young Corydon possess'd.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story;
For strength and vigour too, he had 'em,
And 'twere not much amiss to add 'em.
Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusions store me;—
But happier bards have been before me.
Amongst the various year's increase
The stripling own'd a field of pease,
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight
The shameful havoc of the night;
Traces of this they left behind 'em,
*But no* instructions where to find 'em.

devil's works are plain and evil,
few or none have seen the devil.
Noll, indeed, (if we may credit
words of Echard, who has said it,)
riv'd with Satan how to fool us,
bargain face to face to rule us;
hen old Noll was one in ten,
sought him more than other men;
shepherd, too, with like attention,
meet the female fiends we mention.
ose one morn at break of day,
near the field in ambush lay;
n lo! a brace of girls appears.
third a matron much in years.
ng amidst the pease, the sinners
own to cull their future dinners,
caring little, who might own 'em,
free, as though themselves had sown 'em.
is worth a sage's observation
love can make a jest of passion.
r had forc'd the swain from bed,
arly dues to love unpaid;
Love, a god, that keeps a pother,
will be paid one time or other,
banish'd anger out o' door,
claim'd the debt withheld before.
ger bid our youth revile,
form'd his features to a smile;
knowing well 'twas all grimace
ıreaten with a smiling face,
ı few words express'd his mind—
none would deem them much unkind.
e amorous youth, for their offence,
*nded instant* recompense;

That recompense from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name:
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Tis what Bett ** grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.
  Each stood awhile, as 'twere suspended,
And loath to do what—each intended.
  At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies:
'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
And our ill stars will have it so——
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And show some deference for age:
I from a distant village came,
Am old, ti—knows, and something lame.
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first.'
  Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddesses, he stood suspended,
And Pallas' grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty,
But paid the compliment to beauty.

## *ODE.*

TO BE PERFORMED BY DR. BRITTLE, AND A CHORUS OF HALES OWEN CITIZENS.

The instrumental part a Viol d'Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

Awake! I say, awake, good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come, let's be merry; stir the tipple;
How can you sleep
Whilst I do play? How can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take;
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep!
Zounters, they're gone—Sal, bring a candle——
No; *here is one,* and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go [*Soft mu*
Whilst I do play?
Sal.—How could they go? [*Warlike mu*
How should they stay?

# ODES.

## *TO HEALTH*, 1730.

ALTH! capricious maid!
ost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
I had hope to share thy pow'r,
bless thy lasting aid?

e thou, alas! art flown;
i not whether Muse or Grace,
empting smile, frequent the place;
ı for thee alone.

not forbids thy stay:
et might'st act the friendly part;
et might'st raise this languid heart;
speed so swift away?

. scorn'st the city-air;
ıe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
t not thou my wishes crown'd;
se! O partial fair!

ıge into the wave;
ɔugh with purest hands I raise
altar to thy praise,
. wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim,
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? Adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and vallies roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet midst his unremitting snows
The poor Laponian's bosom glows,
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow nor said a pray'r,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bless'd than I?
When the glad schoolboy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind;
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes nor growing cares,
*Could* sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include,
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind should soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bless'd with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room should Memory stray,
And, ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene;
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

## *TO A LADY OF QUALITY,*

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY, 1738.

Ah! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?
Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To soothe the miseries they show?
What like the bliss, for him decreed
Who tends his flock and tunes his reed?

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm *for too* discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain;
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they scale,
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh?
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold,
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own,
That bliss with toilsome science dwells;
And happiest he who most excels?

## *ANACREONTIC*, 1738.

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade
That wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
'And is it thine to snore profound,
(She said) yet leave the world to weep?

'But hush—from this auspicious hour
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

'Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—'
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of Love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,
Dipp'd in the Muses' mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire!
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre,
And echo asks no sweeter song.

## *WRITTEN* 1739.

Urit spes animi credulî mutui? HOR.
Fond hope of a reciprocal desire
Inflames the breast.

'Twas not by Beauty's aid alone,
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted power display'd;
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which Beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view;
Her lips, with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes, conspire
To prove the charmer kind.—

Though wit might gild the tempting snare
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By Envy's self admir'd;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every Grace adorn
What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which love-sick swains endure;
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart,
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

ah! how false these maxims prove,
frail security from love,
:perience hourly shows!
: can imagin'd smiles supply,
very charming lip and eye
ernal sweets bestows.

in we trust the fair one's eyes;
in the sage explores the skies,
learn from stars his fate;
ed by fancy wide astray,
nds no planet mark his way;
nvinc'd and wise—too late.

rtial to their words we pray,
boldly join the lists of love,
ith towering hopes supplied:
eroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
ok their deity's designs,
en took the field—and died.

---

UPON A VISIT

## *TO A LADY OF QUALITY,*

IN WINTER, 1748.

ir Asteria's blissful plains,
:e ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

nnet from the leafless bough,
forth her note melodious now;
ll admire Asteria's tongue,
rish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays;
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams;
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky;
Yet still we bless the louring day,
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom,
Accuse his loitering hours no more,
But, ah! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign.
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year
On savage plains and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone;
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

---

## *TO MEMORY*, 1748.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by Time.
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind.
*When* life was new, and Lesbia kind.

ng that garland to my sight
which my favour'd crook she bound,
ng that wreath of roses bright
h then my festive temples crown'd,
my rapt'ur'd ear convey
ıtle things she deign'd to say.

ıtch with care the Muses' bow'r,
e Isis rolls her silver tide,
omit one reed or flow'r
shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
u may'st those hours prolong,
olish'd Lycon join'd my song.

g it 'vails not to recite——
ure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
anks and streams appear'd more bright
other banks, than other streams;
ıy softening pencil shown,
they beauties not their own?

ıt that sweetly-vacant scene
, all beneath the poplar bough,
ts light, my soul serene,
th'd in verse one cordial vow,
hing should my soul inspire
ıdship warm and love entire.

he sense of new delight,
ɔe the drooping Muse attends,
fond lover, robb'd of sight,
/ expressive power depends,
ld exchange thy glowing lines,
he lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
  Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
  Those anxious moments, ill repaid;
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
  And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring
  Around the room I jovial rode;
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
  'Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
  While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah! for pleasure yield us pain!

## WRITTEN TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

How blithely pass'd the summer's day!
  How bright was every flow'r!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
  To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range
  Along some lonely shore:
And Damon's bower (alas the change!)
  Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer,
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah! let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter! haste; usurp the sky;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon sickening leaves retain,
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbless'd, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require,
Where, all in murky vapours drown'd,
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung;
Yet how should he the months regard
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah! luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure his was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad *some happier* shore.

The wood-nymph eyes with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed,
While hounds, and horns, and yells, unite
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields! with blighted herbage brown,
Ye skies! no longer blue;
Too much we feel from Fortune's frown
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet Friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store?
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise,
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name;
And there his lyre, which fate forbade
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe,
And faster than the dropping fount
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be seen,
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah, Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss to Damon's bower.

## *AN IRREGULAR ODE,*

### AFTER SICKNESS, 1749.

——Melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.
His wish'd-for presence will improve the song.

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone,
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:
O Sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!
Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd *again the sweets of song,*

And thus in feeble strains, and slow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

'Come, gentle Air! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore;
For sure I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love;
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies,
Debar'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,
And banish'd in their prime.

'Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmine's breath divine,
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaf'd eglantine;
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm
Till Health her wonted charms explain,
With Rural Pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form;
While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of Earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains, beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

'Come, gentle Air! and thou, celestial Muse!
Thy genial flame infuse,
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.'

The gentle Air allow'd my claim,
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers,
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabæa's blooming vales:
But, ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By prescripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan; [flown.
Oh! how should they relieve?—the Muses all were

By flowery plain or woodland shades
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades or flowery plain
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain;
When, lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where Zeal and Friendship lead,
To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.
Ah! foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades!

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd [ground,
When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muses here attune their lyres,
Ah! partial, with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace
How every Muse and every Grace
Had long *employ'd* their care.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glows not a shell on Adrian's rocky shore,
But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows,
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield the' illustrious dame's repose;
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome,
Or mid the decorated space
Assign'd the laurell'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show;
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, said I,
And **'s hilly circuit heard my cry:
Have I for this with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop every winding shore,
And fringe with every purple rose
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale Disease and torturing Pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
*Who ne*'er your wonted tasks declin'd

needs not your officious aid
swell the song, or plan the shade;
genuine Fancy fir'd,
native genius guides her hand,
while she marks the sage command,
e lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
lyre resound with nobler rays
n ever you inspir'd.

is I my rage and grief display,
vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
will a Grace or Muse return
Luxborough lead the way.

## *RURAL ELEGANCE.*

TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. 1750.

ILE orient skies restore the day,
l dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
id the sprightly scenes of morn
l aught the Muse inspire?
! peace to yonder clamorous horn,
it drowns the sacred lyre!

rural thanes! that o'er the mossy down
ne panting timorous hare pursue,
es nature mean your joys alone to crown?
, does she smooth her lawns for you?
you does Echo bid the rocks reply, [cry?
l, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sports survey!
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock--no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.
Nor yet, ye swains! conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst, ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd, ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd, the Spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd, the mountains airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.

O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk before you cry—'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd! nor yet, ye courtly train!
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd.
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with [delight.
With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples, lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth! [prose,
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
The towering Muse endures not to disclose:

Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we se

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
His breast, to admiration prone,
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Forms oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great,
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell;
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When, deafen'd by the loud acclaims
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chant the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plain!
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of Power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah! can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires;
While, studious of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swains' inglorious day,
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey
How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides
away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smil'd.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should Fame's wide echoing trumpet swell,
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
bounded love.

And, oh! the transport most allied to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around;

Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom,
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten
[all the scene.
O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy;
While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone, [own.
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There, while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the
[smell.
Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? for use?

For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear;
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands, from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of Fancy flew;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
There had she lavish'd all her care,
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat,
To share her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow,
And, emulous of Nature's pow'r,
Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
Awhile the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we seem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer sky,
Where all is wondrous, all is bright:

Now, landed on some spangled shore,
Awhile each dazzled maniac roves,
By sapphire lakes through emerald groves
Paternal acres please no more ;
Adieu ! the simple, the sincere delight—
The habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread o

But soon the pageant fades away !
'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams ;
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams ;
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful
Where Truth maintains her court, and ban
Disguise.

Then hither oft, ye Senators ! retire ;
With Nature here high converse hold ;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
The' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid !
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance r
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy mid columns, tow'rs,
Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim?
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far-distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The woodlark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science, dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial Heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay *precincts* of a throne

With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grc
Nor Naiad near their fountains rove?
Yet all embodied to the mental sight,
A train of smiling Virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow, [b
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wande

And though, by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous wa
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their councils jar.
'Tis her's to mediate the peace:
Near Percy Lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen.
And havoc and contention cease.
I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paint
field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets! freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
*Let no* harsh dissonance disturb the morn;

inds inelegant and rude
cred solitudes profane,
her candour not exclude
wly shepherd's votive strain,
unes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
l, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

## *TO INDOLENCE*, 1750.

hy for ever on the wing
ists my wearied soul to roam?
ver cheated, strives to bring
leasure or contentment home?

he poor bird that draws his name
n Paradise's honour'd groves,
ss fatigues his little frame,
finds the resting place he loves.

1 the rural mossy bed
imbs with careless ease reclin'd;
ntle Sloth! indulgent spread
same soft bandage o'er my mind.

ıy should lingering thought invade,
every worldly prospect cloy?
ıe, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
give me peace, debar'd of joy.

thou yon calm and silent flood,
never ebbs, that never flows,
ted by the circling wood
1 each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
  Where oft thy votary shall be found;
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
  And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race! ye factious train!
  That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,
No more perplex the world in vain,
  But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
  If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r,
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
  To weave for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
  Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
  The sweets of friendship and of love.

## *TO A YOUNG LADY,*

### SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNI EXPRESSION.

Survey, my fair! that lucid stream
  Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
  To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
  In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
  Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And, oh! may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat
Can every studied grace excel;
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd:
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

## *WRITTEN IN A FLOWER BOOK*

### OF MY OWN COLOURING,

### DESIGNED FOR LADY PLYMOUTH, 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ. *Hor.*
Constructor of the tributary wreath
For rural maids.

Bring, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless, damè!
But, ah! since envious Winter lours,
And Hewell meads resign their flow'rs,
Let Art and Friendship's joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets in her way.
Not Nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth.
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love!

## *THE DYING KID.*

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit—— VIRG.

Ah! wretched mortals we!—our brightest days
On fleetest pinion fly.

TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
o think yon playful kid must die;
'om crystal spring and flowery mead
ust in his prime of life recede!

:ewhile, in sportive circles round
ıe saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
'om rock to rock pursue his way,
ıd on the fearful margin play.

eas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
ıe saw him climb my rustic cell,
ıence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
ıd seem all ravish'd at the sight.

.e tells, with what delight he stood
› trace his features in the flood,
ıen skip'd aloof with quaint amaze,
ıd then drew near again to gaze.

.e tells me, how with eager speed
: flew to hear my vocal reed;
ıd how, with critic face profound
ıd stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care,
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless æra flies?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join my tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so quickly flies!

## *ODE.*

So dear my Lucio is to me,
  So well our minds and tempers blend,
That seasons may for ever flee,
  And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon! born when every Muse,
  When every Grace, benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could choose
  To bless her lov'd, her only child;
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
  Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in search of truth,
  O'er learned sage or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come, then, resume the charming lyre,
  And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
  Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the Dryads of the woods
  Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
  Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame sits listening for thy lays,
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortur'd breast:
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

## *A PASTORAL ODE.*

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON

The morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A sullen mist had stolen from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill,
When Damon left his humble bowers
To guard his flocks to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Though school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each louring sky
Would oft his fate bemoan,
That he, in silvan shades forlorn,
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe;
The pleasures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day,
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant sun once more
The brightening face of Heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think Bridgewater's* honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast, where fancy glows,
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive;
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

* The Duchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir Richard Lyttelton.

Yet strive, ye shepherds! strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring,
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round her temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien!
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line!
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As through enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Else by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight
Mid lonely deserts drear,
All as at eve the sovereign flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah! now no more, the shepherd cried,
Must I Ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown;
No more of fauns or fairies dream,
While Fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw, without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The partner of his early days*,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n through life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by nature, to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere!

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

* They were school-fellows.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest;
For him yon vernal seat I dress'd,
  Ah! never to return!
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
  To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lelius! come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
  With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward Fate accuse,
That envied his impartial Muse,
  To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight
Antiquity, with full delight,
  Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recal
  The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
  That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
  From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless through the kindling soul
  Of senates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rov
*Inglorious*, through the shepherd's grove,
  *And* ope his bashful springs.

ıt what can courts discover more
ıan these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
ave not these trees and fountains seen
he pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

nd Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
ave mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
et prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
nd smil'd to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow

ıy, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
gain beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
/ith all the bloom, with all the truth,
/ith all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd?

rave, yet humane, shall Smith appear;
e sailors! though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
ırant him in other spheres to charm;
'he shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

) Lyttelton! my honour'd guest,
:ould I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
[ow public love adorns thy name,
[ow Fortune too conspires with Fame,
The song should please mankind.

# SONGS AND BALLADS.

## *A PASTORAL BALLAD,*

IN FOUR PARTS.

1733.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.
Groves and lowly shrubs.

### I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds! so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

ince Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
lay I lose both my pipe and my crook
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
priz'd every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
ut now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

ut why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
h! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
hey tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
las! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

hen fore'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
et I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
he gaz'd as I slowly withdrew:
My path I could hardly discern:
o sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

he pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
' he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine:
hus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe;
oft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

### II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
  Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
  And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
  Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
  Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
  But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
  But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and grov
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!

.nd when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
1 a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
ut let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
'or he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
nd I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
'hat it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
ut her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
et her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

'an a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Vill a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
)ear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Vhere I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

ut where does my Phyllida stray!
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
\re the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the to
Come trooping, and listen the while:
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown,
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold—
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie:
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
'O Phyllis! (he whispers) more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a show'r?

'Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

### IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun,
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone!

## *THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.*

### A BALLAD.

ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER, WHEN SHE WAS PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride,
Envying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cried:

'Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

'Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear;
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

'How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above;
Or accuse the dispensation,
Which allows them all to love?

'Love, like air, is widely given;
Power nor Chance can these restrain
Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

'Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As on Sundays does the lover,
With his nosegay on his breast.

'Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.

'Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
Cowslips, all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

'Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast, with jewels laden,
Pour a song so void of care.

'Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me, some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted,
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

'Then with him o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters might I rove,
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

'Rustics had been more forgiving,
Partial to my virgin bloom;
None had envied me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.'

## *NANCY OF THE VALE.*

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea; thymo mihi dulcior Hybla!
Candidior cygnis! hedera formosior alba!

O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
More sweet than thyme by Hybla bees exhal'd,
Fairer than swans, more beauteous to behold
Than ivy's purest white.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heats of day;

When from an hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

'Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

'But endless blessings crown the day,
I saw fair Esham's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

''Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams,
And every shining glance display'd
The naiad of the streams.

i the wild duck's tender young
float on Avon's tide,
is the water-lily, sprung,
glittering near its side:

as the bordering flowers her bloom,
ye all mild to view;
le halcyon's azure plume
never half so blue.

ape was like the reed so sleek,
ier, straight, and fair;
pled smile, her blushing cheek,
charming sweet they were!

the winding vale retir'd,
peerless bud I found,
dowing rocks and woods conspir'd
ace her beauties round.

lature in so lone a dell
d form a nymph so sweet!
ine to her secret cell
ict my wandering feet!

dlings sought her for their bride,
ie would ne'er incline:
to your equals true, (she cried)
will prove to mine.

rephon, on the mountains brow,
on my right good will;
I gave my plighted vow,
him I'll climb the hill."

with her charms and gentle truth.
'd the constant fair;
lone I gave my youth,
ow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.'

## *JEMMY DAWSON.*

### A BALLAD.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION, YEAR 1745.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou dear Kitty, peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd;
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she, weeping, said—
'O Dawson! monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though he should be drag'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.'

O! then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before,
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
  Which she had fondly lov'd so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck
  Round which her arms had fondly clos'd,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
  On which her lovesick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart
  She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
  She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
  'Yet, yet, (she cried) I follow thee!

'My death, my death alone can show
  The pure, the lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, yet so true.

## *SONG**.

my nymph, I told her true,
lds were small, my flocks were few,
faltering accents spoke my fear,
Flavia might not prove sincere.

ips destroy'd by vernal cold,
agrant sheep that left my fold,
se she heard, yet bore to hear;
s not Flavia then sincere?

chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
riends I lov'd became unkind,
eard, and shed a generous tear;
s not Flavia then sincere?

if she deign'd my love to bless,
avia must not hope for dress;
oo she heard, and smil'd to hear;
'lavia, sure, must be sincere.

ear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
ap the plenty of your plains;
il'd of all which you revere,
w my Flavia's love sincere.

s and the following Songs were written chiefly between
rs 1737 and 1742.

## *THE LANDSCAPE.*

How pleas'd within my native bow'rs
  Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs!
  Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
  And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale,
  The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
  I speed to meet my dear;
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
  And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
  Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill and silver stream
  Divide my love and me.

## *SONG.*

Ye gentle nymphs and generous dames
  That rule o'er every British mind!
Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
  Be sure your laws are not unkind:

For hard it is, to wear their bloom
  In unremitting sighs away,
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
  And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan,
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

## *THE SKYLARK.*

Go, tuneful bird! that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display:

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## *SONG*, 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is given; in vain;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day:
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace———

She comes—but, ah! what crowds of beaus
In radiant bands my fair encloses!
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green:
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains! my friends! declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

## *THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.*

Yes; Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves:
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my Fair! and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

## *SONG*, 1742.

When bright Roxana treads the green
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, love and play,
The dazzling rival of the day;
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same,
And let their very changes prove
The never-varied force of love.

---

## *VALENTINE'S DAY*, 1743.

'Tis said that under distant skies
(Nor you the fact deny)
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sovereign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid
Then low to earth he bends,
And owns upon her friendly aid
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird, or flow'r,
To tempt a votary's pray'r!——
How would his humble homage tow'r
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

## *SONG*, 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is given; in vain;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beach is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day:
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace———

She comes—but, ah! what crowds of beaus
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green:
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

## *SONG*, 1744.

The lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow;
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flowers that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains:
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plain.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

## *SONG*, 1744.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh:
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love.

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is——it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

## *SONG*, 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye;
No pyramid's aërial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see;
Splendor might catch one scornful glance.
Not steal one thought from thee.

## *WINTER*, 1746.

› more, ye warbling birds! rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
:ho alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.

here'er my lovesick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
busy murmur seems to say,
' She never will be kind!'

.e Naiads o'er their frozen urns
In icy chains repine,
.d each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

on will the sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost control,
hen will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

## *THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.*

the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
ıere whisper'd the beech and where murmur'd the rill,
ow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
ıce neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

:e I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
d Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue;
t if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
ıould wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin
The deeper impression she made on my n

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to ro
And the Muses are all in alliance with Lo

## *THE ROSE-BUD.*

'See, Daphne! see (Florelio cried)
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd Rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted when reveal'd!

'The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze;
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

'So you, my fair! of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure

'The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.'

The nymph replied, 'You first, my swain
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

'What is unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien?
Or what the rose's blush unseen?

## *DAPHNE'S VISIT.*

Ye birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love;
My Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your opening charms may see;
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r;
Or never more, O gentle wind!
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd;
May each soft murmur soothe my fair,
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shall prove her Damon's tomb.

WRITTEN IN A

## COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN S(

Adieu, ye jovial youths! who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove?
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire;
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

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## *IMITATED FROM THE FREN*

Yes, these are the scenes where with Iris
But short was her sway for so lovely a mai
In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a n
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must pr
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains, [pains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs!
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs!
Then breathless with ardour my fair-one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
But be still my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

## *SONG.*

When bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien,
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day,
Methinks to my enchanted eye
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the Fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

'O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere,

Pity my wild delusive flame;
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me they languish or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.'

## *SONG.*

When first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how
To see Asteria, queen of May!—
The parsons round, her praises sung!
The steeples with her praises rung!—
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen
Could match the sight of Barel's Green.

But now, since old Eugenio died—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre;
Their lovely season now is o'er;
Thy notes, Florelio, please no more—
No more Asteria's smiles are seen—
Adieu—the sweets of Barel's Green!—

## *THE HALCYON.*

Why o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?—
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm, that will not last.

'he sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray;
nd, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

ee her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
o seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, (she cries) thou hated show'r,
Deform my limpid waves to-day;
or I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

ou, too, my Sylvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll;
nd when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

ould Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme,
e'd fly as quick to Delia's arms
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

# MORAL PIECES

## *THE JUDGMENT OF HER*

While blooming Spring descends from
By whose mild influence instant wond
From whose soft breath Elysian beaut
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride o
Will Lyttelton the rural landscape ra
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's ea
And learn a moral from the rising gr
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliveni
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flo
The drooping flower, its fairer charm
Invites from grateful hands their gen
Soon, if none check the' invasive foe
The lively lustre of these scenes dec

'Tis thus the spring of youth, the
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of
Then passion riots, reason then conte
And on the conquest every bliss dep
Life from the nice decision takes its
And bless'd those judges who decide
On worth like theirs shall every bliss
The world their favourite, and the wor

There are who, blind to thought's
As Fortune gives examples, urge the

Not Virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, though with her friends they join;
In her's or Vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.
Happiest of these is he, whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd and by taste refin'd,
In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs, [flow'rs:
Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,
The fittest to adorn each art she brings;
Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires,
Prais'd by that bard whom every Muse inspires;
Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame!
'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd:
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd;
Bless'd with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd with wavering thoughts possess'd,
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd,
Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.
The silvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;

The silver flood that in meanders led
His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;
In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
The' imperial towers of Fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling ma
The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise,
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
At once before his wondering eyes were seen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien:
Various their charms, and in their dress and face
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd:
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Show'd native merit mix'd with modesty:
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd.
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple mor
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
Or studied gestures, or well-practis'd smiles:
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
She prov'd the' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd divin
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And in her hand the' imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.

The shrubs, the flow'rs that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
That, glittering, quivers o'er a distant stream;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd;
Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace,
Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face:
Her plaited hair disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing lips, conceal'd her wiles,
Art, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
But gazing on her shade, the' enraptur'd Fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care;
Her thoughts, to others' charms malignly blind,
Centred in that, and were to that confin'd;
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
It was but to watch the' influence of her own:
Thus like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
Then for her warrior she refines her mien;
Then, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
Radiant Fair invigorates her charms.

Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all the' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love;
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
Lifeless her gait, and slow; with seeming pain,
She drag'd her loitering limbs along the plain,
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
the swain.
So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight;
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.
Wrapt in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid;
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd;
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began:
'Hither, dear boy! direct thy wandering eyes,
'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies:
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine:
For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world for me.

'Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many, to enrich the few; [prize;
There Chance from Courage claims the boasted
There, though she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign;
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.
Field but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
There fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest:
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
And spicy gums round every bosom glow:
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
But Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim,
Ah vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown:
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own;
Nor will each opening scene that claims my care
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear
'Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.
Yet vulgar ends explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me
Nor my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight these gods, their blessings unenjoy'd.
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay,
Some charming treasure every wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field:
Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise,
The spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

'When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires;
Or in the' Ionian dance some favourite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, can'st thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on Virtue's visionary charms?
Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

'O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me,
She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments years like moments flew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores, she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tracts of time,
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover or insulting foe.

Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!
'See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid;
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove
Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love!
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain;
Or none but what with equal sweets invite,
Nor other arts but to prolong delight.
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
To show where best the clustering gems are seen;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects, of love!
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse:
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure, suit the' harmonious maids;
And all the wise and all the grave decree
Some of that sacred train allied to me.
'But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
To thee all Nature's curious stores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
The shell she scatters with more careless air,
And in her frolics seems supremely fair;

The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
'Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
The watry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away;
Till she to' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there.'
She ceas'd; and on a lilied bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond Youth perceiv'd her influence roll
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul;
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
Resolves, too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame,
Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame;
And oft as Virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd;
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
For the soft reign of Dido and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,
*Soft* tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd :—
'Fly, fly, fond youth! the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
Though no gay rose or flowery product shine,
The barren surface still conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—
Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
Whence could fond Sloth the flattering gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I through each legion latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,
Without the firm supports of Industry.
'But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy grotto and the flowery lawn:
Let Philomela tune the' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
Nor mossy grots nor flowery lawns could please,
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.
'Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform the' encircling skies?

Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moi
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains? [d
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts sr
The form thou views't, to every scene with e
Transfers its charms, and every scene can ple
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd
And the lone wanderer with my presence che
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'
And call'd that desert—blissful solitude!

'Nor I alone to such extend my care,
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reig
And with reflected lustre gild the plains:
With her in flower of youth and beauty's prid
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, resic
One ready offspring suits each neighbouring sl
And all obey their laws who practise mine. [

'But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth r
And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies;
Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repo
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

'Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request inclii
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

'Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling st
The' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she, relentless, reigns without controu
And checks each gay excursion of the soul;
Unmov'd though Beauty, deck'd in all its char
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest a
Till joyless indolence suggests desires,
*Or drugs* are sought to furnish languid fires;

Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay;
As artful heats, applied to thirsty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.
'But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends:
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And while no checks the' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love,
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
His sweetest music is the voice of fame;
Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found.
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.
'See Fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms:
Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise
From groveling vales to towers which reach the skies.
'Love, fame, esteem, 'tis Labour must acquire,
The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shown;
All ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view,
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.
'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought.

'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankii
Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth
To' enrich his country, or to serve his frien
On active worth the laurel War bestows;
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind suppli
Nor Heaven its showers without a sacrifice.
'See, far below, such groveling scenes of
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame;
Her friends, from all the toil of Fame secur
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure;
Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause enga
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A sickly, sapless mass, if Reason flies;
And if she linger, impotently wise!
A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, a
Invite old age, and revel youth away:
From life's fresh vigour move the load of ca
And idly place it where they least can bear:
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
When with lost health, what should the loss
Peace, peace is lost; a comfortless decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasur
And earth's dim beauties fade before their e
Through death's dark vista flowery tracts ar
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green:
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
Their's is the present, who can praise the pa
Life has its bliss for these when past its bloo
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

'Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd;
For health on age 'tis temperance must bestow,
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.

'Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful tow'rs,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some silvan music, or some scented breeze;
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's faltering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave;
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease;
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

'But shun her snares; nor let the world exclaim—
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd;
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms the' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound,
Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

'Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecia
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's an
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith ins
Dulness, perhaps, through want of sight, ma
And Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that, the honours given with wonder
And this, in secret sadness own them due.
Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deserve ca
While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame i
For know, the generous thine exploits shal
Thine every friend it suits thee to require
Lov'd by the gods; and, till their seats I s
Lov'd by the good, their images below.'

'Cease, lovely maid! fair daughter of th
My guide! my queen! (the' ecstatic youth
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway,
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pri
And by thy bright immortal friends I swea
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me, O lead me, where whole hosts of
Thy forms depreciate, and thy friends opp
Welcome all toils the' inequal Fates decre
While toils endear thy faithful charge to th
Such be my cares, to bind the oppressive l
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land;
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of manki
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd l
And none but Envy riot unsubdued.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their ce

And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of Virtue than the fools;
Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend,
For he is thine who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;
When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of Fame!'
He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more;
Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic power! whose transient charms allur'd,
While Error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd;
Not such the victress, Virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen:
Her brightening form and features seem'd to own
'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known;
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the thickening splendour fades away.

# THE PROGRESS OF TASTE;

OR,

## *THE FATE OF DELICACY.*

A POEM ON THE TEMPER AND STUDIES OF THE AUTHOR AND HOW GREAT A MISFORTUNE IT IS FOR A MAN SMALL FORTUNE TO HAVE MUCH TASTE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

### *PART THE FIRST.*

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay:—
'The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail;
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are, like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,
And weakest his who best descries!'
Yet let me not my birthright barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is denied them.)
For humble ease, ye Powers! I pray;
That plain warm suit for every day:
And pleasure and brocade bestow,
To flaunt it—once a month, or so.
The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye Powers! for ever grant.

But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.
Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend:
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd;
And if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.
Alas! that Wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons,
Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaus,
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight, caress, and own him;
But ill-starr'd Sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tiptoe through the crowd;
Conveys his meagre form between,
And slides, like pervious air, unseen;
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be;
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there,
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bathed, to fly:
Yet while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,

The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill,
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill:
His pensive manner dulness deem'd,
His modesty reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train:
And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less prone than pebbles to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight,
Grow savage, quit their social nature,
And starve—to study mutual satire.
  But friends and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas, between them;
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.
  Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side;
At hand, where'er I shape my course,
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse.
  No gesture free from some grimace,
No seam without its share of lace,
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise;
And stockings roll'd, abridge his thighs.
What, though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools!
Be nothing wanting but his mind;
Before a solitaire, behind
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.

s midnight! pity 'twere,
lom's slender wealth to share!
ilst in flocks our fancies stray,
the poor man's lamb away.
'orm attracting every eye,
ll unregarded by:
rds the jokes of every kind,
mbrella, sun, or wind;
a spunge, absorbs the sallies
stilential fumes of malice;
a splendid shield, is fit
en the templar's random wit;
t some gentler cit lets fall
packs quash the leaden ball.
ions these of weaker force,
ter still the stalking-horse.
me wander all unseen,
the sanction of his mien!
s soft, as roses fair!
as airpumps drain'd of air!
eady eye and pace remark
eckled flock that haunts the Park:*
ny pen with wondrous heed
es, flocking there to feed;
my satire bursts amain,
ther'd foppery strew the plain.
vhen I seek my rural grove,
are the peaceful haunts I love;
ie of this unhallow'd train
et sequester'd paths profane.
/ some polish'd virtuous friend
e soft-winding vales descend,

* St. James's.

And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings;
And check me when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns:
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the pray'r,
Are driven to mix with common air.

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## *PART THE SECOND*

How happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not,
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
To plan frail castles in the skies!
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.
Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.
Oh days! when to a girdle tied
The couples jingled at his side,
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle for a garter.
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their pow'r,
Pure social Nature all his guide,
'Damon had not a grain of pride.'
He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knavery plans, and Craft prepares,
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles;
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
'Yes; Damon had a generous spirit.'
A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure at least of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
'Damon could shine as much as they.'
When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar,
A spy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd.
His lodgings—every draw'r could show 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em.
Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defied the world, like idle Colley,*
To show a softer word than folly.
Since Wisdom's gorgon shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone,
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.
At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
The sons of Taste contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze:
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit,

* Colly Cibber.

And every kind well-natur'd sot
Seem'd a dull play without a plot,
Where every yawning guest agrees—
The willing creature strives to please,
But temper never could amuse:
It barely led us to excuse.
'Twas true, conversing they aver'd
All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
Talents of weight! for wights like these
The law might choose for witnesses;
But sure the' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.
What were their freedoms?* mere excuses
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing;
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage? but a loaded gun;
Machine the wise would wish to shun,
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In short, disgusted out of measure,
Through much contempt and slender pleasure
His sense of dignity returns;
With native pride his bosom burns;
He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Discards and dissipates respect;

* Boisterous mirth.

The man who gravely bows, enjoys it;
But shaking hands, at once destroys it:
Precarious plant! which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come, then, Reserve! yet from thy train
Banish Contempt and curs'd Disdain.
'Teach me,' he cried, 'thy magic art,
To act the decent distant part;
To husband well my complaisance,
Nor let ev'n Wit too far advance;
But choose calm Reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,
And each abrupter period crown'd
With nods and winks, and smiles profound;
Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence
And silence, surer ev'n than sense—
'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of Eastern—and of other kings;
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While Virtue's distant as Peru?
The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays;
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body than controuls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it *fondly* pierce too nigh,

That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.
O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound,
To scatter his amusements round;
To tempt us from their conscious breast,
Where full-fledged crimes enjoy their nest;
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd,
So deeply as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog-people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance;
Nay—had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

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## *PART THE THIRD.*

The buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear,
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.
Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales and falling rills,
And mossy banks the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple swain! was born.
The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
Where such as think, and such as love,
May safely sigh their summer's day,
Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well,
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind as serpents do,
And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
These, Fancy, all-sagacious maid!
Had at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw, and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place,
And when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.
'See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there;
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas such a shade and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook,
From such a rocky fragment springing,
That fam'd Apollo chose to sing in;
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart:
How charming there to muse and warble,
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire:

Then ne'er it scoop'd the vaulted cell
Where Music's charming maids* may dwell,
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many' an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear;
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?'
In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question;
And Damon dream'd he saw the fauns
And nymphs distinctly skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again,
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
'Fancy, enchanting Fair!' he cried,
'Be thou my goddess, thou my guide;
For thy bright visions, I despise
What foes may think or friends advise:
The feign'd concern, when folks survey
Expense, time, study, cast away;
The real spleen with which they see;
I please myself and follow thee.'
Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd:
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;

* The Muses.

And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd.
'Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays salute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.
Ye flowers! which early Spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your opening charms may see;
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r,
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I in thee refreshment find.
Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd;
May each soft murmur soothe my Fair,
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.
Be sure, ye willows! you be seen
Array'd in liveliest robes of green;
Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb.'
And now the lofty domes were rear'd,
Loud laugh'd the 'squires, the rabble star'd.
'See, neighbours! what our Damon's doing;
I think some folks are fond of ruin!
I saw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds such huts as, in foul weather,
Are fit for *sheep nor* shepherd neither.'

Whence came the sober swain misled?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head:
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tuns of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if from Phœbus and his Muse
Mere earthly laziness ensues,
'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The devil inspires as well as they.
So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Less weeting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil,
That in these haunts he met the devil.
He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain;
For dulness—though he might abhor it,
In them he made allowance for it;
Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.
But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the Fair?
When all the structure shone complete,
Not much convenient, wondrous neat,
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession)
Came Poverty, and took possession.

## *PART THE FOURTH.*

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis Poverty, detested maid!
Sole tenant of their ample shade;
'Tis she that robs him of his ease,
And bids their very charms displease.
  But now, by Fancy long controll'd,
And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First Minister to Common Sense;
Far more elated to pursue
The lowest talk of dear vertù.
  And now, behold his lofty soul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flow'r,
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solicitudes of love!
Now in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
  As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day,
Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,
As most might glad the new-born flow'r.
So Fate ordain'd—before his eye—
Starts up the long-sought butterfly,
While fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson drop'd with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowerets fair!
The living beauty claims his care;
For this he strips—nor bolt nor chain
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal pursue,
And totter tow'rds the prey in view.
Nor rock nor stream his steps retard,
Intent upon the bless'd reward.
One vassal fly repays the chase!
A wing, a film, rewards the race!
Rewards him, though disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.
So fierce Camilla skim'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain;
She ey'd intent the glittering stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear nor danger,
Till deep within her panting heart
Malicious Fate impell'd the dart.
How studious he, what favourite food
Regales dame Nature's tiny brood!
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liquers they choose to tipple!
Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sickening tribe!
Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When Nature's brood of insects dies.
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or see him guard their pregnant hour.
Exert his soft obstetric pow'r.

ending each his lenient hand,
ıew-born grubs enrich the land!
'ilks* ! what poet's loftiest lays
atch thy labours and thy praise?
tal sage! by fate decreed
ırd the moth's illustrious breed!
ıttering swarms on swarms arise,
l our wardrobes teem with flies!
must we praise this taste for toys?—
: it then in girls and boys.
ths of fifteen years, or more!
your moths—the season's o'er;
ne more social joys to prove;
: now your noble task—to love.
's eyes more deeply warm,
ghting Nature's fairest form,
as of your souls determine
ls the mean love of Nature's vermin.
ah! how wondrous few have known
e each stage of life its own.
the pretexta's utmost bound,
adiant purple edg'd around,
ase the child, whose glowing dyes
ng delight maturer eyes;
w, but with regret, assume
ain wrought labours of the loom.
t not me by fancy steer,
life's autumnal clouds appear:
'n in learning's long delays
ne my fairest, fruitless days;
im who should in armour spend
ıms that armour should defend.

ling to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin
See his very expensive proposals.

Awhile in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r
We share her smiles and bless her pow'r.
But find at last we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquet alive.
O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursued the faithless dame;
Forsake her soft abodes awhile,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile:
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The footpath road, the king's highway:
No more the scrup'lous charmer tease,
But seek the roofs of honest Ease;
The rival Fair, no more pursued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway,
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.
But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease and pleasure too?
Would you, through all your days, dispense
The joys of reason and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can?
Let social virtue shape the plan:—
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?
Yet midst the group be some prefer'd.
Be some abhor'd—for Damon err'd;
And such there are—of fair address—
As 'twere unsocial to caress.
O learn by reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave or fool;

hough you deem it better still
n some rustic 'squire's good will,
uls, however mean or vile,
atures, brighten by a smile,
ason holds it for a crime
vial breast should share thy time.
irtue with reluctant eyes
s this human sacrifice!
ugh deep reserve and air erect,
en Damon won respect;
ld the specious homage pass
ny creature but an ass?
ious, they who fear'd the skin
scorn the sluggish brute within.
we-struck slaves the towers enclose
Persian monarchs eat and doze!
rostrate reverence all agree
a prince they never see!
assals of a royal throne;
phi's virtues must be shown,
e the reverence his own.
r Thalia—would thou make her
ide without a portion?—take her:
ll with duteous care attend,
l thy pensive hours befriend;
vell thy joys, will share thy pain,
hee rejoice, with thee complain;
nooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
nd thine aching head with flow'rs.
this previous maxim known—
canst feed on love alone,
s'd with her, thou canst sustain
npt, and poverty, and pain;
en rifle all her graces—
*uitful be your* fond embraces;

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd,
The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
Retirement claims a later season,
Ere active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm bosom ill agree
Or limpid stream or shady tree;
Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
And claims the speculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat;
Ev'n social Friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere.
Does he resist their genuine force?
His temper takes some froward course,
Till passion, misdirected, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies?
Far happiest he whose early days,
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave fairly printed on his mind
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund the memory draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the sequester'd shade:
Such are the Naiads, Nymphs, and Fauns,
That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys,
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe*;

* Alluding to the allegory in Cebes' Tablet.

o show him her remote abode,
o point the rocky arduous road;
ut from each flower his fields allow,
ıe twines a garland for his brow.

# ECONOMY,

## A RHAPSODY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

Insania; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliosque vides. *Mart.*

——Thou know'st not what thou say'st;
In garments that scarce fence them from the cold,
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

## *PART THE FIRST.*

o you, ye Bards! whose lavish breast requires
his monitory lay, the strains belong;
or think some miser vents his sapient saw,
r some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
hat tempt profusion, sings; while friendly Zeal,
o guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
ıspires the meanest of the Muse's train!
ike you I loath the grovelling progeny,
'hose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
dvance them high on Power's tyrannic throne,
o lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
nd spurn successless Worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the social sons
f wine and wit regaling! hark, he joins
ı the free jest, delighted! seems to show
meliorated heart! he laughs, he sings.

Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems, set agape the board,
Like Demea,* in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonder; or, in Shakspeare's line,
Obstreperous Silence,† drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.
He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter.
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society;
But what art thou? Alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself:
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we,
Its flamens, boast to guard: we know not how,
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.
True, thou seem'st chang'd; all sainted, all ensky'd:
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind;
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.
Ev'n for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast,
Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls

* In Terence's Adelphi.
† Justice Silence, in Shakspeare's Henry IV. 2d Part.

Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou caitiff! fly;
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster ingrate! beneath one common sky
Why should thou breathe! beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er shalt harbour, nor my little boat
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
With social purport bid, or even or morn,
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,
And fill their laps with gold; till Want and Care
With joy depart, and cry. 'We ask no more.'
Ah! never, never may the' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! Poets, ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn:
We loath with justice; but, alas! the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse

Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task
To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold essays
All but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.
But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler ze
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay,
Permit him not in distant solitudes
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth; then Virtue pants for praise.
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest G
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tom
The' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treach
And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!— [I
Two lawless powers, engag'd by mutual ha
In endless war, beneath their flags enrol
The vassal world; this Avarice is nam'd,
That Luxury: 'tis true their partial friends
Assign them softer names; usurpers both!
That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just Economy, yet both betray'd
By fraudful ministers. The niggard chief
Listening to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires; while Luxury, a chief
Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flattering so

Engross his car, 'tis Plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain to banish from the throne
The perjur'd minion: he, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp,
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.
Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal, and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit with easier mien
Than fops take snuff! whose economic care
Your green silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds,
Lovely as when the' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests: harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as through the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough: and every bough,
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd,
Were by a splendid successor supplied
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays;
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense
Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul:
These with officious care and fatal art
Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
Of Chloe soften; these the glare of dress
Illume, the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of Pow'r.
Alas! that he, amid the race of men,

That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Should with unsated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy Med'cine's various field aspires
The bless'd refrigerant? Vain, ah! vain the hop
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load,
Denied its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philosophy requires
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
Ev'n mild Stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,
Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!
And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand
In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
And yet, unless Economy's consent
Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease
Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream,

itering in its channel, seems to vie
aga's depth ; but should the sedgy pow'r,
orious, empty his penurious urn
e rough rock, how must his fellow-streams
the tinklings of the boastive rill!
aspire to mark the dubious path
ads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
self-flattery soothe the vivid breast
eams of fortune near allied to fame,
how few who charm'd the listening ear
p, or of king, her smiles enjoy'd!
r well what meagre alms repaid
at Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,
ototype of all that soar'd sublime,
t dull cares below : what griefs impell'd
dest bard* of learn'd Eliza's reign
ll with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
urn aloud the pang 'to ride, to run,
nd, to give, to want, to be undone.'
ould I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,
in vain? too copious is my theme!
of your boasted race might hope reward
yal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
lge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
hant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
et's parasite ; but learn alone
e the scanty boon the Fates decree.
d rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
ghten'd contradiction! in his frame,
y nerve and fibre of his soul,
ent seeds and principles of want
ture wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue.

* Spenser.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of Penury: with nice precision learn
A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expense of each revolving year
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger's near. This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty;
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world
Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
Nor, pidling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.
Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,
Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,
The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And shunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell; yet leave the breas
Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes,
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profusely smiling; well might youth essay
The frugal plan, lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day;

But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!
O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth! for youth deserves her song.
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage
It barely vegetates; nor long the space
Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk display
Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it strange, that rolling years abrade
The social bias. Life's extensive page,
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems:
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the shroud,
Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams
Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.
But who shall save, by tame prosaic strain,
That glowing breast where wit with youth conspires
To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

## *PART THE SECOND.*

In some dark season, when the misty show'r
Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky,
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stre
Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
Accepts the tribute of a joyless day:
She smiles well-pleas'd when wit and mirth reced
And not a Grace and not a Muse will hear.
Then from majestic Maro's awful strain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
To trace, with patient industry, the page
Of income and expense: and oh! beware
Thy breast, self-flattering; place no courtly smile
No golden promise of your faithless Muse,
Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may show
Amid thy solid store: the Siren's song
Wrecks not the listening sailor half so sure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of Want, detested, steals along;
And bars each fatal pass! Some few short hours
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.
But if too soon before the tepid gales
Thy resolution melt, and ardent vows,
In wary hours prefer'd, or die forgot,
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by Nature's undiminished law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,
Attract and are attracted: nor prevails the law
Alone in matter: soul alike with soul
Aspires to join: nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes is found
The kind propensity; and when they meet
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith;
That should the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.
Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
Let soft Profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with Poverty; nor here desist,
Till o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare: the gay vermilion face
Of rash Intemperance be discreetly pair'd
With sallow Hunger; the licentious joy
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link
With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,
Shall shun the siren's voice, nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grovelling minds!
I frame the song for you; for you the Muse
Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,
For gentler bosoms plan'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy.
It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand through better tracks conveys
The quick-decreasing tide, ere borne along
Or through the wild morass, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expense
By present pay; who subjects not his fame
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!
There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,

Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage:
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down
To want, remorse, captivity and shame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe
A moment's space where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy dissipated mind: contract thy train
Of wild ideas, o'er the flowery fields
Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
Economy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror, powerful to disclose
A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her labouring son the 'vengeful pow'rs
That urg'd the fall of Ilium she display'd:
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
The' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend: [boxes,
'The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-

The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
Leave not a doit behind!' Ere yet exhaust,
Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop and essenc'd beau,
Ferocious, with a stoic's frown disclose
Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp,
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly Fair
Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye,
As in a garden, roves; of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;
These are the realms of luxury and show,
No classic soil: away! the bloomy spring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native shades, and dread, ev'n there,
Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien:
Why treads my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn? why, pensive, strays his eye
O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love,
Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
Springs this remorseful gloom? Is conscious guilt
The latent source of more than love's despair?

It cannot be within that polish'd breast
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour there.
No; 'tis the sad survey of present want
And past profusion! lost to him the sweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expense! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere Expense
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease!
Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superior! but let Caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And Prudence be our almoner. Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! not disdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth, the destin'd means
To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
Ah! let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is merc'nary, nor waste
His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.
Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington; survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dangerous incentive; nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him with no ingrateful muse
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plan'd the skylight, which to lavish barda

Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray;
For garrets him, and squalid walls, await.
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doo

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## *PART THE THIRD.*

Yet once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere Cont
Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold;
The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem
The plaything of comparison, arriv'd
Where learned, bosoms their aërial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal,
Mid these one subtler artist he described,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
The Melsham weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they spun, here revell'd uncontrol
And, like the flags from Westminster's high r
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing;
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand, 'broom never com
That comes to all,' o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
*Curtains* subfusk, and save the' expense of art.

Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journies crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Meantime, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harrateen,
Not ill expressive; such the power of snails!
Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet, pleasing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disasterous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudful couch! for though in velvet cas'd,
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flowers,
Cowslip or primrose, or the circular eye
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine.
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,
Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas his only coat,

Eldest of things! and napless as a heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads grax'd.
Not different have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire:
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,
And leaves the wondering swain to gape, to stare
And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaus
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains
Full many a pin wide-sparkling; for if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, 'commercing with the sky.'
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separations dire,
And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd,
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd
The place of rest, while it a bard sustains,
*Pale,* meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain

Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine issued; now, alas,! disguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays,
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree;
Or suits him more the winter's candied thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
Pervasive, radiant isicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
The careful sonnetteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous that in vain he forms
To patch his paneless window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase!
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill,
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
Allow one part to decorate his song;
While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand,
Conscious of every shift, of every shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays;
Points to the nook, which he his Study calls,
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
His chest a wardrobe; purse, a treasury;
And shows, to crown her full display, himself;
One whom the powers above, in place of health

And wonted vigour, of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wish the cobler's loftiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!
  See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peac
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'
That care-defying sonnet which implies
His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full possession, uncontested right
And property. Yet, ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,
As lurks the serpent deep in flowers enwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; choose the trustier flail,
And bless those labours which the choice inspir
But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name
Him envy, him admire; him from thy breast,
Prescient of future dignities, salute
Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, secure; nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! he perchance shall
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.
  When fir'd with wrath for his intrigues dis
In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race,
Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus: 'Bards, (h

Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp, debar'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder.'—Low the Delian bow'd;
Nor at the invidious favour dar'd repine.

## THE RUINED ABBEY;

OR,

### *THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.*

At length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.
Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd,
Or o'er the glassy surface with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew,
That ape confusion from the realms they rule:
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glittering wave,
And tempt the sun, ambitious to display
Their several merit; while the vocal flute
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.
If Solitude his wandering steps invite
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are
When gay, when social minds, to Friendship's voice
Or beauty's charm her wild abodes prefer)

How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
Yet Virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires;
Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold
I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles, in early life,
Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd;
Then like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools atta
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer: 'Thus, 'twas thus I thought
My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
Thus will I think, averse to listen more
To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd.
Too sure its own infirmities declare.
But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
And early foresight: now the winds may rise,
The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
The unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure.'
Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes

uggest instruction, and instructing please:
.nd see betwixt the grove's extended arms
.n Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
ilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step
roduce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
'ree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
'oo long deliberate) with timorous hand
:emove the' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse,
'hough sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
tais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
)f beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
ıggriev'd, but constant as the Roman sire,
'he rigid Manlius, when his conquering son
ıled by a parent's voice, the cruel meed
)f virtuous ardour timelessly display'd;
Vor cease, till through the gloomy road, the pile
ıleam'd unobstructed: thither oft thine eye
ıhall sweetly wander; thence returning, soothe
With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
) Superstition! hence the dire disease
Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
)f transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd; and scarce a southern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
)f tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
Rome's abler legate, magnified their pow'r,
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
)f British annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks
And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
With hellish emulation: if a friend,

High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were pligh
faith ?
The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
To cherish mutual good, annul'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, Plantagenet !* from civil broils
The land awhile respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgav
Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown conte
And with unhallow'd crosier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not, supinely tame, a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,
Firm and erect, the peevish priest exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengful Rome.
In vain ! let one faint malady diffuse
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends
Was Cœur de Lion† bless'd with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the crusade; and see ! of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty Longchamp,‡ mid his liveried t

* Henry II. † Richard I.
‡ Bishop of Ely, and Lord Chancellor.

wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
tling in foreign fields; collecting wide
aurel harvest for a pillag'd land.
)h! dear bought trophies! when a prince deserts
drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!
Vhen faithless John usurp'd the sullied crown,
iat ample tyranny! the groaning land
em'd earth, deem'd Heaven, its foe! Six tedious
: helpless fathers in despair obey'd [years
: papal interdict; and who obey'd
: Sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
ien the French tyrant, by the futile grant
papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
d durst invade: be such inglorious days
hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
carce had the tortur'd ear, dejected, heard
ne's loud anathema; but heartless, dead
every purpose, men nor wish'd to live
: dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
ard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
l the neglected crook that rul'd the plain;
ence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
engeful angel, in whose waving scroll
reads damnation; sees its sable train
grim attendants, pencil'd by Despair!
he weary pilgrim from remoter climes
painful steps arriv'd, his home, his friends,
offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
some far honour'd saint his costly stores,
erts his footstep, sickens at the sight
the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.
he wretch, whose hope by stern Oppression
m every earthly bliss, still as it saw [chas'd
umphant wrong, took wing and flew to Heav'n,

And rested there; now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more:
While the green weed, luxuriant, round uprose.
Some from their death-bed, whose delirious faith
Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors! now expiring heard
The last loud clarion sound, and Heaven's decree
With unremitting vegeance bar the skies.
Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd,
That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,
Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,
Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest, alas! so boundless was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn:
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
Of half his flock, ematiate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride, and mightier lust of pow'r!
'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice precision, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for pow'r,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involv'd,
And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in towering stations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
Of some proud cliff surveys his lessening flock
In snowy groups diffusive scud the vale.
Awhile the furious menace John return'd,
And breathed defiance loud. Alas! too soon
Allegiance, sickening, saw its Sovereign yield,
An angry prey, to scruples not his own.
The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the falchion, resolute to guard
His sovereign's right, impalsied at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
For foul desertion, drops the lifted steel,
And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire
The death of monks) of surfeit and of sloth!
At length, fatigu'd with wrongs, the servile king
Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores,
To buy remission. But could these obtain?
No: resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd,
Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave
His fame, his people, and his crown he gave.
Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhor'd before.
And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
The wily pontiff scorns not to recal
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems of gold, or in a cloud

Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clo'
Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
And sheds its odours, while the flocks around,
Hungry and faint, the barren sands explore
In vain; nor plant nor herb endears the soil,
Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain
Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
Caress'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.
At length some murderous monk, with poison
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace. [
Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury; English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign* beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers, prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'
For now, with more extensive havoc rag'd
Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft he blew
The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hoards of Henry or his own:
Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The best of charters; dar'd absolve the tie
Of British kings, by legal oath restrain'd:
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd

* Henry III. who cancelled Magna Charta.

Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
Oh, irksome days! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft to gull their native land!
Such was our fate while Rome's director taught
Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
Forc'd from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!
And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
Of general darkness. Grosted* now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword
Staggering Delusion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heaven appeal!
But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care
The lavish hand of deathbed fear restrain'd.
Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint?
He, too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!
Yes; the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
Could Superstition quell! before the towers

* Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!
But still the night, by Romish arts diffus'd,
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes;
When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd
Bold Wickliff rose; and while the bigot power
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure, awhile his recreant life sustain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.
Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,
And sheds its beams on Heaven's mysterious way!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings, by force uprais'd,
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollard's cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endur'd! O stain to martial praise!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golded fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
Her verdant vallies and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All Nature's beauties in one form display'd
And centering there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying Heaven's creative hand,
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.
And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause; Tudor! whose tyrant-reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Caught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its towering height, with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud Abbey: then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light, and expose,
Obvious, the fraudful enginery of Rome.

As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian-day, the hooded race
Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd;
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign,
When from the tenderest breast each wayward prie
Could banish mercy, and implant a fiend!
When Cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd lim
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O bless'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth, they plied the long-continued task
Of righteous havoc, covering distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile;
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd,
Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times.

# LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terre
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus
Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec Indi,
Totaque turriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

Yet let not Medean woods, (abundant tract!)
Nor Ganges* fair, nor Hæmus,† miser-like,
Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vie
With Britain's boast and praise: nor Persian Bactra,‡
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's§ sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

ET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
er tawny citron and her orange groves,
hese let Iberia boast; but if in vain
o win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
he Briton labours, yet our native minds,
ur constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
ay view with envy; these Iberian dames
urvey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.
Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
ay well this truth explain, nor ill adorn
he British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,
or vain nor partial, from the simple guise

* *Ganges*—the greatest river, which divides the Indies in two rts.
† *Hæmus*—an high mountain, dividing Thrace and Thessaly.
‡ *Bactra*—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.
§ *Panchaia*—a country of Arabia-Felix, fruitful in frankincense d various spices; remarkable also for its many towers and lofty ildings.

Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,
And in less grovelling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! the' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind
No race more splendent, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, victory's noblest pride!
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame?
He, generous youth! with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no mo
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men or eye of day!
Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn; the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe; if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless, fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe,
The tender lute he gave; she, not averse,
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd

ardian cares, repays them with a song;
roops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.
: song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
rous passion; how, by tyrant laws
ot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
only one, nor dar'd that love reveal!
he soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
amask rose full-blown; a fever came,
rom her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale;
swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
ainly sought her, torn by swifter fate
n the tenants of the myrtle shade,
s mournful victims on the plains below.
ietimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,
ught her artful needle to display
arious pride of Spring; then swift upsprung
ets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
: might you see, on gentle toils intent,
n of busy Loves; some pluck the flower,
twine the garland, some with grave grimace
id a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
: paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
arrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
v had the generous chief with joy perus'd
oyal scroll, which to their native home,
ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
r'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
ad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,
by the bliss he panted to convey;
r'd in vain. Ah! what was his amaze,
nd distress, when o'er her pallid face
tion reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flower!
hless she stood; at length with accents faint,

'Well may my native shore (she said) rea
'Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira pre
Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to f
The fostering breeze, and Nature change l
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'
The British host. Around the smiling yo
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
'That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot-passion! strong in every clim
How justly theirs who find no foreign swe
To dissipate their loves, or match their ov
Not so Elvira: she, disastrous maid!
Was doubly captive; power nor chance co
The subtle bands; she lov'd her generous
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry
Could term her native shore; her native s
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste an
The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious
The swelling sails, the glittering transpor
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure v
With flight auspicious, skim'd the placid
On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid the' officious wind, the tempting
And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she st
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments, that so smoothly pa
By many an art recall'd; now from her lu
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite
Which Henry deign'd to praise: and now
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,
To paint her captive state; if any fraud

Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.
But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch
On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
The hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame, but with a spreading blush
And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.
'Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-eyed maid, a mild offenceless prey.
But know, my soldier! never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could match the pains
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
'What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference where desert is love.
'True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
And, ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend;
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
With custom's load beneath its weight expire.
'Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb

To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd
To me were fatal; no fantastic robe
That o'er Caprice invented, Custom wore,
Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.
'Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune pl
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances but the specious flower
That shade the viper while she plots her wo
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For Love to wear, to dark Deceit unknown?
Heaven search my soul! and if through all its
Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile,
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
'Ah me! nor Henry's nor his country's fo
On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd
Dim Error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces play; and bless'd the
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues for
Thy generous breast, the Loves, the Graces, p
Thy shapely limbs Relation, birth, essay'd
Their partial power in vain; again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd
*To paint* the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling scene
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows; but, ah! the genial sun
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region: long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports, of liberty and love!
No, let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
Wish'd them success; and 'happiest she, I cried,
Of women happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord!'
And now, what shall I say? Blest be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd the' Iberian shores:
Blest, did I say, the time? if I may bless
The lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won; will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love,
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

'Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads a hateful stain
On honest fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira once denied
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flie
When element's discordant vex the sky,
Shall, blushing from the form she loves retire.
'Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms [de
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the bound
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When Memory to the pensive maid suggests
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind.
When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid wa
Beholds not danger, or beholding, scorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love!'
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decree
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye:
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.
'Forgive me, generous maid! (the youth return
If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain.
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow:
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms

Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave,
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure and the laurel wreath,
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil:
If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?
Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
No! may the deep my villain corse devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand what honour, faith, and love, denies.'
'Oh! happy she, (rejoin'd the pensive maid)
Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell, my luckless hopes! my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft

Of Censure pierce with me the' Iberian dames;
They love with caution, and with happier stars.
And, oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,
By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

'These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness,
But mock Misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey; and well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of every transport, but disgrace
My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting woe,
In thee the source of every bliss resigns.

'And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
Attend ye smiling train! this gallant mind
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
His evening pillow, dance around his groves,
And where he treads, with violets paint his way:
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame;
There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
My constant orisons. The wanton Loves
And gay Desires shall spy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest prayer, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ.'

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind,

Impartial, scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs, dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, wearied Heaven with prayers
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.
He ceas'd; and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

# THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VII

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear

ADVERTISEMENT.

*What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion, his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilom, a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals' mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to his dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentence fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the reign?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind, and decent orde-
dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
ground.

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

beit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
: pompous title did debauch her ear,
ıody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
dame, the sole additions she did hear;
t these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
: would esteem him act as mought behove
ho should not honour'd eld with these revere:
r never title yet so mean could prove,
t there was eke a mind which did that title love.

ıe ancient hen she took delight to feed,
ıe plodding pattern of the busy dame,
ıich ever and anon, impell'd by need,
o her school, begirt with chickens, came,
ch favour did her past deportment claim;
d if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
ıgment of bread, she would collect the same;
r well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
ıat sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

rbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
at in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
ıere no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak,
t herbs for use and physic, not a few
gray renown, within those borders grew;
e tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
:sh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
e lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
d more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

: euphrasy may not be left unsung,
at gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
d pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
d plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound.

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom, [fume.
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string, [sing.
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That n'ould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest lord! forefend, thilk days should e'er
return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forth coming rod; unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

* Spenser.

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see;
All playful as she sat she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near;
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace:
Or what device his loud laments explain
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dies his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care;
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now certes doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y'-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y'-fix'd, and rends his hair)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic Power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour; [claim,
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns.

And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf, his paper-kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd

veys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
l furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff
is here!'

: now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
l Liberty unbars her prison-door,
l like a rushing torrent out they fly,
l now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
th boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
housand ways in wanton rings they run,
ıven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore!
' well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
pear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

oy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
l chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
' when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
' never may ye taste more careless hours
tnightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
ain to seek delight in earthly thing!
. most in courts, where proud Ambition towers;
uded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
ıeath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

in each sprite some various bent appear!
ɜse rudely carol, most incondite lay;
ɔse sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
ıte the stranger passing on his way;
ıe builden fragile tenements of clay,
ıe to the standing lake their courses bend,
h pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
lk to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,
pastry kings and queens the' allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y'-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore the' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye the catherine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween!
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there, [care!
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names the' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.*

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

* Shrewsbury-cakes

# EPILOGUE

TO

## *DODSLEY'S TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.*

1758.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!
A modern wife had said—'With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir! I'll go alone;
Order your coach—conduct me safe to Town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And, pray, take care my pin-money be paid.'
Such is the language of each modish fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been, when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd, at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad;

They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days;
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondness, what they won, maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair! to bring those days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul as well as sense delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage-chain with transport shall be worn;
Each blooming virgin, rais'd into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

## *JAMES CAWTHORN.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF CAWTHORN.

JAMES CAWTHORN, the son of an upholsterer and cabinet-maker, in Sheffield, was born on the 4th of November, 1719. Being early sent to a grammar school in his native place, he soon began to feel the energies of genius; and, while yet himself under the discipline of an elementary teacher, undertook to instruct mankind in literature and manners by a periodical paper, styled *The Tea Table.* In 1735, he was transferred to a grammar school at Kirkley-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland; where his buds of poetry soon began to develop themselves; and, after a variety of smaller effusions, he produced, the year after his removal, a forgotten poem, called the *Perjured Lover,* upon the subject of Inkle and Yarico.

In the same year, he appears to have acted as assistant in the school of a Mr. Christian, of Rotheram; and, two years after, he was matriculated of Clare-Hall, in Cambridge. His name is not found among the graduates; but he had obtained his master's degree before the year 1743. From Cambridge, he went to London; and was, for some time, the assistant of a schoolmaster in Soho Square, whose daughter he married. He took orders, about this time; and, in 1743, was elected

master of Tunbridge School. He published the epistle of *Abelard to Eloisa*, in 1746; a sermon, in 1745, upon the election of two burgesses, in Westminster; and another, in 1748, at the annual visitation of the company of Skinners. Though little skilled in horsemanship, he was very fond of riding; and, on the 15th of April, 1761, a fall from his horse put a period to his life. He was buried in Tunbridge church; where his sister gave him a monument with the following inscription:—

Hic situs est
JACOBUS CAWTHORN, A. M.
Scholæ Tunbrigiensis magister,
Qui juventuti tam moribus tum literis instituendæ
Operam magno non sine honore dedit.
Opibus, quas largâ manu distribuit,
Fessitur, et in æternum fruetur.
Obiit, heu citiens! Aprilis 15, 1761,
Ætatis 40.
Soror mœsta ex grato animo hoc posuit.

Cawthorn is one of those authors, whom we find it difficult to praise, or to blame. He commits few faults in composition; and his beauties are not of the highest order. His thoughts are just, and his language harmonious; but there is too much prolixity and too little animation. It is hard to say, that he does not recompense us for our time; but the readers of poetry always demand more than a bare recompense; and, though Cawthorn may afford sufficient delight for one perusal, he will hardly entice us to a second.

# JAMES CAWTHORN.

## *TO MISS* ——,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

When wit and science trim'd their wither'd bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heaven-born genius panting to explore
The scenes oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride drop'd her crest, ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like pity stream'd in every eye.
Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines and wildly lives along the lyre:
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to steal a tear from you.

O, bless'd with temper, bless'd with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour!
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire:
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!
  These are thy honours, these will charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train:
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

# *ABELARD TO ELOISE.*

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1747.)

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloise flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age, in learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained a history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

POPE.

AH! why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd!
She comes in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids Heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee:
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame through my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress control,
And, spite of nature, tear her from thy soul.
Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where sorrow broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bless'd abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But O, how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows through her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me!
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censors, altars, from thy genius fled,
And Heaven itself shut on me while I read.
Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?

Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread the' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul:
Fly, fly, for justice bears the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
  Are these thy wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does frenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move,
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew.
Farewell, ye cell! ye martyr'd saints, adieu!
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And sevenfold darkness veil the scene around.

What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of Heaven quick rushing through my heart?
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd—
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
Around the' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul!
Return, ye hours! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all the' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd,
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes!—Ah no! from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly! since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, empower'd by heaven to move
Each saint, each bless'd insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone:
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.
But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?

Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r [flow'r;
Wakes the green herb, or paints the' unfolding
The' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours:
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair;
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless god of warm desire!
Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where every moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live;
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffer'd; and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
A heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my frame:

From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fle
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe!
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless prayers the whole artillery giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on th
ground.
Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
Though meagre fasts have on my cheeks display
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade;
Spite of myself, the still impoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all n
heart:
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.
Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight sk
My Eloisa steals upon my eye:
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol beauties on each altar glare,
And Heaven, much injur'd, has but half my pray'

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs control,
For every object brings her to my soul.
Last night reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast;
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore;
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound:
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.

No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill;
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe:
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire:
Mad to enjoy, unable to be bless'd,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.
Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me; and, ye saints! refine
Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls:
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky, [s
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallo
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while Heaven his zeal inspi
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immu
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd;

To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug the' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heavens! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, mildest agonies of love:
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart:
See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmth inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the bless'd abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
The' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;

At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.
O that my soul, from love's curs'd bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, through my shatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying Heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live:
Seize on the' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me!
Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek the' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale death shall set my kindred-spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee:

Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeless relics in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb the' ethereal plain
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest;
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd.

## *ELEGY*

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES;

*A particular Friend of the Author's.*

VAIN were the task to give the soul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verse to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from every eye,
Bleeds in the anguish of too keen a sigh;
And, lost to glory, lost to all his fire,
Forgets the poet, ere he grasps the lyre.
Friendship! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn
Expiring virtue, and the closing urn;
To teach, dear seraph! o'er the good and wise
The dirge to murmur, and the bust to rise.
Come then, O guiltless of the tear of art!
Sprung from the sky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, while I grace his shade.

'Tis o'er—the bright delusive scene is o'er,
And war's proud visions mock the soul no more:
The laurel fades, the' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.
Alas! my Hughes, and must this mourning verse
Resign thy triumph, to attend thy hearse?
Was it for this, that friendship's genial flame
Woke all my wishes from the trance of fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where every science beams of every age;
On thought's strong pinion rang'd the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd the' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
The' enambush'd phalanx, and the springing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the suppliant knee,
And heav'd the sigh, and drop'd the tear for thee!
What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gathering tempest howl'd from every shore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to save, [wave?
Spread all his plumes, and snatch'd thee from the
Preserv'd thee sacred from the fell disease,
When the blue plague had fir'd the' autumnal
Ah! when my hero panted to engage [breeze?
Where all the battle burst in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the missive deaths around,
And the keen falchion blush'd from wound to wound,
Was he denied the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?
Ye Graces! tell with what address he stole
The listening ear, and open'd all the soul.
What though rough winter bade his whirlwinds rise,
Hid his pale suns, and frown'd along his skies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My Hughes was here, to smile the gloom away;

With all the luxuries of sound to move
The pulse of glory, or the sigh of love:
And, spite of winter, lassitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in every vein.
Fancy! dear artist of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the social hour:
Give me again his glowing sense to warm,
His song to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
The' aërial pencil forms the scene anew!
E'en now, when all the vision beams around,
And my ear kindles with the' ideal sound——
Just as the Smiles, the Graces are impress'd,
And all his image takes up all my breast——
Some envious phantom points the awful bier,
And the short rapture melts into a tear.
Thus in the lake's clear crystal we descry
The bright diffusion of another sky——
Reflected nature sheds a milder green;
The dazzling sun with softer beams is seen:
Just as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies,
The surface trembles, and the picture dies.
O bless'd with all that youth can give to please,
The form majestic, and the mien of ease,
Alike empower'd by nature, and by art,
To storm the rampart, and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, elegant of mind,
With spirit modest, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian sunshine made,
Yet known to all the virtue's of the shade;
In war, while all the trumps of fame inspire,
Each passion raging, and each wish on fire;
At home, without or vanity or rage;
As soft as pity, and as cool as age.

These were thy virtues—these will still be just,
Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy dust;
While pride in vain solemnity bequeaths
To power her statues, and to guilt her wreaths:
Or, fir'd by faction, impudently flings
The price of nations on the urns of kings.

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THE

## *EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:*

A POETICAL DIALOGUE:

*Spoken at the Annual Visitation of Tunbridge School,* 1746.

BY MESSRS. M—— AND A——.

*M.* While airy Belville, guiltless of a school,
Shines out a French edition of a fool,
Studies his learned tailor once a week,
But curses every syllable of Greek;
I sit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
That Athens boasted, and that Rome admir'd.
Enraptur'd fancy, busied with the theme,
Forms every bright idea to a dream,
Paints all the charming pageantry anew,
And brings at once each classic to my view.
Now fondly wild I thunder in the war,
Shake the keen spear, and mount the' imperial car.
With daring Regulus to Carthage run,
Or nobly bleed, with Brutus, in a son;
Seize, Casca-like, on Cæsar's gorgeous vest,
And boldly plant a dagger in his breast.

Now, softly breathing all the Muse's fire,
I drop the falchion, and I grasp the lyre;
With Pindar's pinion skim the bless'd abode,
Or strive to charm Augustus with an ode.
Come then, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
Whose friendship soothes me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou, whose quick eye has glanc'd through every age,
View'd every scene, and studied every page;
Teach me, like thee, with every virtue bless'd,
To catch each eye, and steal to every breast;
To rise to all that in each patriot shone,
And make each hero's happiness my own.
Say, shall I, with a triumph in my view,
Fame's air-dress'd goddess through each scene pursue,
Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,
And number every trophy by a scar?
Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,
And aim to mould a savage to a man?
Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian sage,
Glean Plato's sense, and copy Homer's rage?
*A.* You ask me, Sir! what few would care to give,
Some grave instructions how you ought to live?
You wish that envied blissful scene to find,
That charms the taste and dignifies the mind:
That nobly mingles every art to please,
And joins the majesty of life to ease.
Here then, my friend! the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if display'd in pompous prose;
As if Locke's sacred hand the page had wrote,
And every doctor stamp'd it with a vote.
All lots are equal, and all states the same,
Alike in merit, though unlike in name.

In reason's eye no difference lies between
Life's noon-day lustres, or her milder scene.
'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;
'Tis not the splendid plume, the' embroider'd vest
The gorgeous sword-knot, or the martial crest,
That lends to life the smile, the jest, the glee;
Or makes his honour happier than me.
When Florio's acres stretch'd o'er half the land,
A gilded chariot roll'd him through the strand;
Reduc'd at last with humbler scenes to mix,
He smok'd a speculative pipe at Dick's.
The same great genius, in or out of pow'r—
Ease smooth'd his brow, and soften'd every hour
Taught him to live as happy in a shed,
As when a duchess grac'd his nuptial bed.
Content's the port all mortals wish to hail;
She points the compass, and she guides the sail:
To her alone our leaky vessels roll
Through all the seas that rage from pole to pole.
What boots it then, when gathering storms behind
Rise black in air, and howl in every wind,
That thy rich ship a pomp of pride display'd,
Her masts all cedar, and her sails brocade!
Say, canst thou think the tempest will discern
A silken cable, or a painted stern;
Hush the wild tumult that tornadoes bring,
And kindly spare the yatch that holds a king?
No, no, my friend! if skilful pilots guide,
And Heaven, auspicious, calms the whirling tide,
No winds distress you, and no storm destroys,
Whether you sail in gondolas or hoys.

*M.* What, has just Heaven no slight distinction
Betwixt a life of sunshine and of shade? [made

Must I, in silence, this wild system own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would soon bestow
A few stout cords, and send me to Monro.
  Your tailor, skill'd in fashion's every grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats from week to week
A homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majestic in a nobler scene,
Guiltless of every anguish, but the spleen,
With all the luxury of statesmen dine
On daily feasts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, sir, if this description's true,
Is not your tailor less at ease than you?
  Hardwicke, great patriot! envied, lov'd, caress'd,
Mark'd by each eye, and hug'd to every breast;
Whose bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his trust, whatever bribes assail,
Truth guides his sword, and justice holds his scale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardless templars, melting o'er a song?
Than him, who, buried in a country town,
Engrosses half a folio for a crown.
  Heroic glory in the martial scene
Spread every plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet sat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beside.
And sure you'd think it a most sad disgrace,
If ensigns liv'd as easy as his grace.
  *A.* Dear sir! restrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly listen to the voice of truth.
When first the' Almighty sire his work began,
And spoke the mingling atoms into man,

To all the race with gracious hand was given
One common forest, and one equal heaven;
They shar'd alike this universal ball,
The sons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this sacred truth display'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade.
They sung, that ere Pandora, fond of strife,
Let loose each embryo-misery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each sire a monarch, and each son a sage;
Eternal blessings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.
Suppose then, sir, that new distinctions since
Have plac'd a slave some leagues below a prince;
Yet ease and joy, dispassion'd reason owns,
As often visit cottages as thrones.
See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the slope, and nods along the plain,
A crowd of rustics, doom'd to daily toil,
Disarm the forest, or enrich the soil;
Not in that elegance of dress array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's shade;
Where Thyrsis, shelter'd in some happier grove,
The lonely scene of solitude and love,
His breast all rapture, and his soul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now swept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unskil'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who scorn the winter's deadly blast to shun,
But face the storm, and drudge through every sun
Then seek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths every brow, and opens every soul;
Speeds the same social warmth from breast to breast
And bids them laugh at Verres and his crest.

When honest Colin sees the shining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall;
Lost in the scenes of turbulence and strife,
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He steals impatient to his native shade,
And longs to grasp his waggon and his spade;
Heedless of every charm, of every grace,
That forms the goddess in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majesty of mien—
He would not change his Susan for a queen.
Believe me, sir! distinction, pomp, and noise,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And surely, when the social spirit's broke,
A star's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
Without those robes, those gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's smooth career;
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear!
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France;
Without an opera, and without a dance;
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot or cell.
From sky to sky the' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thundering grasps his love;
The mighty bull, by genial zephyr sway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the shade;
The feather'd warblers pair on every spray,
The grove re-echoing with the sprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of insects blissful share
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or skim along the sky.

Fondly pursue the end by nature given,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heaven.
If then no songsters grudge the bear his thig
The hound his nostril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang though Afric's shaggy brood
Majestic stalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why should you think your solitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?
*M.* But soft—restrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Lest you should seem to copy Henley's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the score.
Behold that wretch, by every woe distress'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breast;
A thousand nameless agonies of pain
Rack every nerve, and burn through every vein
He lives to suffer, and but speaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? bless'd with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorset's eye?
Shall we proclaim him bless'd, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?
*A.* Believe me, sir, each mortal has his fear,
Each soul an anguish, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers, every breast assail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.
What though in pomp your painted vessels ro
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pol
Though health auspicious gilds your every grac
Nerves the strong limb, and blushes o'er the fac
Though grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Possess'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue:

Though all the titles, coronets, and stars,
That statesmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'scutcheon, dignify your crest,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breast:
Can they forbid the secret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?
  Confess we, then, that all the ills of life,
Diseases, grief, vexations, follies, strife,
Without distinction every soul perplex,
Haunt every scene, and prey on all the sex.
Yet let us own that every pleasure too
That glads the active, and that wings the slow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides through the land, and knocks at every door.
  Hear then, without the specious pride of art,
A truth that strikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot breast,
And bade a dying Socrates be bless'd:
All, all but Virtue, is a school-boy's theme,
The air-dress'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools desire,
That coxcombs boast of, and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliss unfold,
And turn whate'er she touches into gold.

THE

# *REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS,*

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

*A Moral Essay.*

---

Dunque ne l' Uso per cui fur concesse
L'impieghi il saggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a suo Senno or tepidi, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.
TASSO.

---

Yes, yes, dear Stoic! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man:
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or a Hoyle;
Gives all the soul to all the soul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breast there lives enshrin'd
Some atom pregnant with the' ethereal mind;
Some plastic power, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn powers employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath the' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Would lie inactive on the couch of ease:
And, heedless of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.

And yet, let but a zeyphyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassion'd genius feels the breath of life;
The' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full opening to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In every ocean of the arctic sky;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.
The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unspotted page,
The generous patriot, and the moral sage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through the' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.
And yet these passions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the sacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly save.

The' ethereal soul that Heaven itself inspires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by these syrens to some wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch sun that in the' autumnal sky
Looks through a fog, and rises but to die.
But he whose active, unencumber'd mind
Leaves this low earth, and all its mists behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
O'er half the globe with steady splendour shine
And ripens virtue as it ripens mines.
Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
To face the storm, not languish in the shade:
Action's his sphere, and for that sphere design'
Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
For this, fair hope leads on the' impassion'd sou
Through life's wild labyrinths to her distant goa
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame,
Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image, of a future sky.
Yet, though kind Heaven points out the' u
ring road
That leads through nature up to bliss and God;
Spite of that God, and all his voice divine
Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the shrine
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
Disdains the manna sent him from the skies;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, and for ever lost;

He scorns religion, though her seraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.
And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inspirits, or ambition tears,
From every tie, from every duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead every sense, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the swine;
These drench in luxury's ambrosial bowl
Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul:
Those, for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where seas can roll:
While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.
Stretch'd on high-towering Dover's sandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;
A dirty sail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of misery almost unknown,
Without a friend to pity, or to save,
Without a dirge to consecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies——he who for years had shone,
England's sixth Henry! nearest to thy throne.
What boots it now, that listening senates hung
All ear, all rapture, on his angel-tongue?
Ah! what avails the' enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his closing scene!
When haughty France his heaven-born powers ador'd,
And Anjou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword!
Ask ye, what bold conspiracy oppress'd
A chief so honour'd, and a chief so blest?

Why, lust of power, that wreck'd his rising fame
On courts' vain shallows, and the gulf of shame;
A Gloster's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thousand tongues.
And hasten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleasure, my friend! on this side folly lies.
It may be vigorous, but it must be wise;
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each step beyond it is a step to pain.
For ask the man whose appetites pursue
Each lone Roxana of the public stew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His morbid taste, and teach him how to dine.
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolness of December's snow
Ask him, if all those centuries that move
The pulse of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their powers employ,
And every sense is lost in every joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breast,
Content's full sunshine, with the calm of rest?
No— virtue only gives fair peace to shine,
And health, O sacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peasant, whose laborious spade
Wids the rough crag of half its heath and shade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliss more genuine than the club at White's,
And has, in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.

Of blooming genius, judgment, wit possess'd,
By poets envied, and by peers caress'd;
By royal mercy sav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,

thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
red held fair friendship's generous ties;
ou, sincere to wisdom, virtue, truth,
he wild sallies of impetuous youth;
thy life been equal to thy lays,
ad envy strove to blast thy bays;
hy mother's unrelenting pride
ve to push thee helpless from her side;
petence had lent her genial dow'r,
ling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
asure would have led thee to her shrine,
ry friend to merit had been thine.
vith the choicest boon that Heaven can give,
en hadst learnt with dignity to live;
n of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
ght from prison a refuge in the grave.
mmortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
heir union into light and shade:
r his colours wore too bright an air,
d shadow took off all the glare;
r that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
entive artist threw a warmer dye,
a glory from a pictur'd sky;
the' opposing powers mix'd in one,
he night, and brilliant as the sun.
, like colours, have their strength and ease,
o insipid, and too gaudy these:
the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
s horrors, and a weight of woe;
ke Albano's, catch from every ray
ng a sunshine, and too rich a day;
with Carlo's Magdalens, require
er *spirit*, and a touch of fire:

Or want, perhaps, though of celestial race,
Corregio's softness, and a Guido's grace.
Would'st thou then reach what Rembrandt's
nius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or con
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine;
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil:
So shalt thou live as Heaven itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with the' informing mind
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vigorous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

## *LIFE UNHAPPY,*

### BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

*A Moral Essay.*

I own it, Belmour! say whate'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age

And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.
Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to fate
Those ills, those mischiefs, we ourselves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet those joys in mean profusion waste,
Without reflection, and without a taste;
Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
We give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push every pleasure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.
Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and strife
Each softer moment of domestic life;
The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
The' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite, that lothing slights
The richest olio of the cook at White's;
The aching impotence of loose desire,
A nerveless body, with a soul on fire;
The' eternal blush that lights the cheek of shame
For wasted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low thoughted cares,
The wish that riots, and the pang that tears:
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt sigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the louring eye of spleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific scene;
Or, direr still, calls from the abyss below
Despair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, lost to health, and hope's all-cheering ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,

Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expense
In each rack'd organ, or acuter sense;
Where sad remorse beholds in every shade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And, stung to madness in his inmost soul,
Grasps the keen dagger, or empoison'd bowl.
Impious it were, to think the' Eternal Mind
Is but the scourge and tyrant of mankind!
Sure he who gives us sunshine, dew, and show'r,
The vine ambrosial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whose own bright image lives on man impress'd,
Meant that that being should be wise and bless'd,
And taught each instinct in his heart enshrin'd
To feel for bliss, to search it, and to find.
But where's this bliss, you ask, this heaven-bo
We all pretend to, and we all admire? [fir
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mould,
In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but boundless, unconfin'd,
Spreads through all life, and flows to all mankin
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll
And warms alike the' equator and the pole.
For as kind Nature through the globe inspires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd cave
Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
And with the same prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damask rose;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in skins array'd,
He wields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,

Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.
In vain the man whose soul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
Insists that happiness for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the shade,
As much mistakes the sage, who fain would prove
Fair pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind;
Alike ordain'd by Heaven to charm or please
The man of spirit and the man of ease,
Just as our taste is better or is worse,
Becomes a blessing, or becomes a curse.
When lust and envy share the soul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;
When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour;
Not all the wealth each warmer sun provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Not all the pomps that round proud greatness shine,
When suppliant nations bow before her shrine,
Can ease the heart, or ray upon the breast
Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest.
No—all the bliss that nature feels or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repose,
Howe'er improv'd by wisdom and by art;
Lives in ourselves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of those alien things,
Applauding senates, and the smiles of kings,
Of empty purses, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.
Conclude we then that Heaven's supreme decree
Gives ease and joy to monarchs and to me:

Yet such the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleasures must be purchas'd by our pains,
And cost us every hour some small expense,
A little labour, and a little sense.
That heaven-born bliss, that soul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen squander, and which fools des
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wisdom makes it all her own;
Coolly explores in every scene and sphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there;
What lenient arts can teach the soul to know
A purer rapture, and a softer woe:
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this economic art,
This cool philosophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud bosom rack'd by pangs and c
Feels not the splendour of the star he wears:
With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to d
In the last corner of her cheerless cell,
In spite of hunger, labour, cold, disease,
Lies, laughs, and slumbers on the couch of eas
A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre; nd tried to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on the' elastic strings:
Awaken'd Discord shrieks, and scolds, and rav
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round Saint Paul
And hoarser far than all the' ecstatic race
Whose drunken orgies stun'd the wilds of Thr
'Friend! (quoth the sage) that fine machine
Exacter numbers, and divi

Strains such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all-expressive pow'rs
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.'
He said—and, flying o'er each quivering wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The listening passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of love;
Devotion lifts to heaven a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.
Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, with all its powers impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;
Irregularly will their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul:
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low:

Till every virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds and pours along
The' according music of the moral song.

## *NOBILITY,*

### A MORAL ESSAY.

(*Spoken at the Visitation of Tunbridge-School*, 1752.)

'Tis said, that ere fair virtue learn'd to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble science to the blest abode,
And rais'd the hero till he shone a god.
Our modern bards by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter every fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heaven born flame
Enthron'd proud greatness in the shrine of fam
Bestow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.
Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles cr
With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Anstis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All envy wishes, all ambition hails,
All that supports Saint James's and Versailles,
Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.
In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,

Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With fess, bend, argent, cheveron, and saltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdued the lion or the boar;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing nature to her moral plan,
Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Strip'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade;
With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed;
Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.

In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live through every age:
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

For three campaigns Caprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword:
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a janisary, one a slave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps descend;
With strange good-nature give his worthless son
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the same appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a sot unborn.

Hence, without blushing, (say what'e'r we can)
We *more regard* the' escutcheon than the man:

Yet, true to nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies:
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.
Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of the' autumnal sky,
Would you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndsditch or Soho?
In spite of all that in his grandsire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when lengthening shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of the' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground;
What will't avail, that, sprung from heavenly seed
His great forefathers swept the' Arabian mead:
Or, dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore?
I grant, my lord! your ancestor's outshone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhone;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inspires;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease;
From proud oppression injur'd worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.
And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting science fills her every page;
Fame grasps her trump, the epic muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the song ascends;
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise.

All arts, all powers, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.
All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
The' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his sires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In honour's zenith, and the lists of fame?
Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies:
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lie.
The Egyptians thus, on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky;
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hop'd a god.
Anstis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.
Yet say, ye great! who boast another's scars,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of Heaven? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the flood?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed:
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
*Love, and elope,* as modern ladies do?

But grant that all your gentle grandames shone
Clear, and unsullied, as the noon-day sun;
Though nature form'd them of her chastest mold,
Say, was their birth illustrious as their gold?
Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the' Change;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of the' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a slave or whore;
Since spite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment trees,
Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.

You boast, my lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Show then the martial soul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled;
Show us those deeds, those heaven-directed fires,
That ages past saw beaming on your sires;
That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to save. [tribe,

Dare you, though faction bawl through all her
Though monarchs threaten, and though statesmen
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve [bribe,
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distress'd.
The joy that rises when a people's bless'd?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic, and divine;
Explore with curious eye the' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings;

If earth's too scanty, search the bless'd abode,
And make your first progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.
Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self-born sun that gilds them never dies:
While he, ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
Then sinks at once, unpitied and unbless'd,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.
Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great, was only to be good:
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were——
And see! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazi warbles while she eats;
Arabia's sweets distil at every pore,
Her flatterers soothe her, and her slaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our senates to forget
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.
Not but there are (amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew)
Men who improve their heaven-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their sires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them shine.
Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade;

Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose this title in the name of friend:
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and the charm of youth,
And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
To Heaven's high throne, O Rockingham! for th
Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons vic
Allied to half the Incas of Peru;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius c
To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two short precepts all your business lies—
Would you be great?—Be virtuous and be wise!

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A

## *FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATIO*

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,

*Who lived only Two Days.*

Let vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein,
Dream out a tedious age, ere, wide display'd,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade
These happy infants, early taught to shun
All that the world admires beneath the sun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native sky

Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
And all the father kindled in my breast,
A sudden paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
And death, though smiling, crept o'er every grace.
Nature! be calm—heave not the' impassion'd sigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unspotted moments pass'd between
Their dawn of being, and their closing scene:
And sure no nobler blessing can be given,
When one short anguish is the price of Heaven.

## *THE ANTIQUARIANS.*

### A TALE.

Some Antiquarians, grave and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
Met in full senate at the Mitre.
The president, like Mr. Mayor,
Majestic took the elbow-chair,
And gravely sat in due decorum,
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were display'd
A British knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon steel,
A patent with king Alfred's seal,
Two rusted mutilated prongs,
Supposed to be Saint Dunstan's tongs,
With which he, as the story goes,
Once took the devil by the nose.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian shields, and churns:
Whether the druid slipt or broke
The misletoe upon the oak?
If Hector's spear was made of ash:
Or Agamemnon wore a sash?
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue?
At length a Dean who understood
All that had pass'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute show ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a solemn air,
(First humbly bowing to the chair)
'If aught,' says he, 'deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an aramanthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray:
For I like you through every clime,
Have trac'd the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a century's toils
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
*In* every age, and every zone,
*In* copper, marble, wood, or stone.

In vases, flowerpots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read through many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal catacomb.'
He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrap'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,
And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when she throws
On heaven and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The synod eyed the fine antique;
Examin'd every point, and part,
With all the critic skill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground,
In hopes to know it by the sound;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lick'd up the consecrated rust:
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sunbeams could descry,
To every corner of the brass
They clap'd a microsopic glass:
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.
Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,

With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square;
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits Doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a frenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
'It rings' says he, 'so pure, and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Mis-shapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure, on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur's stone,
Without a sandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold·

Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet:
By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave.'
When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea or land, is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red or blue.
This was the case with 'squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common Pleas;
He studied with such warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew;
Nor could Demosthenes withstand
The rhetoric of his wig and band;
When, full of zeal and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in correcter Greek.
'Methinks,' quoth he, 'this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece:
The' Ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue;

And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliss,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat the' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu:
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought and writ
With all the powers of style and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore.'
He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre:
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire would have bought it:
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he could make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-spear.

Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chas'd the boar.
A learned friend he could confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once show'd him midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape and size
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.
The next, a critic, grave and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all the' abstruser parts of learning,
Could err, through want of wit or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.
'It came,' says he, 'or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites would soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flower,
Did not some birds with active zeal
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest, while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk and ear.

This blessing visibly divine,
Is finely portray'd on the coin;
For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill or beak;
Which bill or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose numerous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of Ibis.
Besides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a cistrum in her hand,
Appears the moment she is seen,
An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
Sir, I'm as sure, as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves which wave and float th
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has said,
The' Egyptians always eat for bread.'
He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause;
The voice of admiration rung
On every ear, from every tongue:
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They star'd, they deified his wit.
  But ah! what arts by fate are tried,
To vex and humble human pride!
To pull down poets from Parnassus,
And turn grave doctors into asses!
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And echo through the house convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,

Curious to see what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slily step'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.
Soon as the synod he came near,
Loud dissonance assail'd his ear;
Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
Of Isis, Ibis, lotus, Nile:
And soon in Roman's hand he spies
The coin, the cause of all their noise.
Quick to his side he flies amain,
And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again:
And though antiques he had no skill in,
He knew a sixpence from a shilling;
And spite of rust, or rub, could trace
On humble brass Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he descries,
And big with laughter and surprise,
He burst—'And is this group of learning
So short of sense, and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity?
If this is your best proof of science,
With wisdom Tom claims no alliance;
Content with nature's artless knowledge,
He scorns alike both school and college.'
More had he said—but lo! around
A storm in every face he found:
On Roman's brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flash'd from every pore,
And reason's voice was heard no more.

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